

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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THE MARENGO, FLAG-SHIP OF THE FRENCH SQUADRON AT PORTSMOUTH.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is something to set against the alleged failure of our married lives that no less than three couples—after a considerable interval of time, however—have applied this year for the Dunmow Flitch. It may be said that this is but a small number compared with those who seek to be uncoupled in the Divorce Court; but it is only reasonable to conclude that all happy pairs do not apply for this certificate. There is a certain notoriety involved in it from which bashful natures may well shrink. Moreover, the reward is inadequate: it may seem not worth while—as the Jew who was eating ham observed to the thunderstorm—"to make such a fash about a bit of bacon." It may also strike them that, in the fact of such an application, they "do protest too much," for the test is very crucial. To ensure success, the parties must make affidavit that they have not—

..... in bed or in board  
Offended each other in deed or in word;  
Or in a twelvemonth's time and a day  
Repented not in any way;  
Or since the church clerk said "Amen"  
Wished themselves unmarried again.

Even "the day" would be an obstacle to some couples, though, on the other hand, there are married pairs who never seem so happy as when they are quarrelling—a selfish pleasure, however, in which one wishes they would not indulge "before folk." Taking human nature as it is, one fears, indeed, a good deal of well-intentioned perjury goes on at Dunmow. The flitch would be more often deserved if it was not for the interference of other people, especially of the relatives of husband and wife; they have made prophecy of failure, and they often cause its fulfilment. Moreover, if they quarrel among themselves the unhappy pair are always dragged into it. The best lesson against this result that ever was preached is to be read in the biography of Philip the Good of Burgundy. His wife Michela was as the apple of his eye, but her brother, the Dauphin, murdered Philip's father. The poor lady was quite put out about it, and feared she would lose her husband's love; but he took a most rational view of the matter. He felt it was a most deplorable transaction, but also that she had nothing to do with it. He had married *her*, and not her brother. "Take courage, my love," said he, with ineffable tenderness, "and seek comfort in a husband who will be faithful to you for ever"—a speech as full of good sense as of good feeling, and which should put to the blush the idiots who practise vendettas and foment family feuds at the expense of their innocent consorts.

In spring, as the poet tells us, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"; in summer it is attracted by the idea of "camping out." Our pictorial newspapers at this season of the year have many of these scenes, of which the majority are naturally comic. For what a humorous notion it is that those who enjoy the ordinary blessings of civilisation, a roof to cover them and a bed to sleep in, should voluntarily embrace the inconveniences from which their forefathers of necessity suffered. To take tea in a wood, collecting the sticks and boiling the kettle, is, of course, very "good fun" for children, and there are even some full-grown persons who profess to enjoy a picnic; but "camping out" is something quite different and much more serious. Even if fine weather could be guaranteed, it would be a doubtful joy; but the Jupiter of the British climate is notoriously Jupiter Pluvius. When one is getting on in years many things which in youth were enjoyable seem amazing, but at any period of life at which one may chance to consider the matter the desire for camping out needs explanation. The wish to "rough it"—to counteract the effects of luxury and sloth—is often imputed to it, a motive very creditable—to the imputer; or a laudable predilection for economy. But some gilt youths "camp out" in gorgeous tents with boarded floors, and at an expense of carriage and portage that would defray three hotel bills. Perhaps it is the mere desire for novelty that attracts (I notice that few people "camp out" twice), the same which causes any new form of social entertainment, however inferior to the old ones, to be eagerly welcomed; or, what is more likely, it is the wish to experience how one can "get on" if left more or less to one's own devices, to which the immense popularity of "Robinson Crusoe" owes so much. The experience, on the whole, is not satisfactory, and is something like what follows from travelling abroad: one doesn't like it when one is doing it (though we say we do), but it is pleasant to reflect upon as we sit in peace and comfort at home. The Arab may like his tent, but that is because it is his home. The tent of the British camper-out—even the gorgeous one—possesses the attribute of being very cold or intensely hot at times when you wish to be the contrary. Moreover, you are too near your friends. "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." These are the people who "camp out" with you; they can't help it. Nobody has ever lived in a houseboat with another without, sooner or later, getting to hate him. In a tent this happens sooner. The selfishness of human nature becomes too deplorably manifest. The good man (if there is one) of the party is always "put upon": he is the hewer of the wood, and fetches the ewer of water; while the others fish or play at cards, he is employed in those domestic offices which they all tacitly promised to undertake. He is the person who (from extra exposure) catches the rheumatism better (and worse) than the others. *Crede experto*, for when I was young I was good-natured, and bitterly I suffered from it. No; the only way to thoroughly enjoy "camping out" is to make every arrangement with your friends beforehand, and at the last moment miss the train. Then as you lie at night in your bed, with the serene consciousness that if you ring the bell it will be answered, and that all "the resources of civilisation" are within your reach, and the rain is pattering on the roof, think of them gently, kindly, pitifully, and—thankfully.

In a most interesting letter to the *Spectator*, the terrible

story is told of the Arab martyr Geronimo, who, after intolerable tortures, had liquid plaster poured over him and was built up alive in the Fort des Vingt-quatre Heures, in Algiers. After three hundred years, during which the tale was gradually treated (like most tales of human cruelty) as a romance, the wall was taken down, and he was found. Plaster-of-Paris was thrown into the mould, and the life-size figure of Geronimo appeared, and is now to be seen in the museum. His crime was having been a convert to Christianity, and the demon who decreed his punishment—one Euldj Ali—is spoken of by the correspondent in question as he deserves. It is a pity, however, that the records of religious cruelty are so rarely commented upon by persons of the same faith as the miscreant who inflicts them. It is to the Bishop of Gloucester (in 1706) that we are indebted for the most terrible scene ever described in a letter, of that *auto-de-fé* at Lisbon where the men and women "after an hour in the flames" appeal to the King sitting close by in his opera-box for more faggots to end their tortures; and he denies them. What is wanted is denunciation of such hideous crimes from the right quarter, and we never get it. It is not the Calvinist that expresses his horror at the burning of Servetus. There is a certain theological blackguardism which seems to cling to every faith, and is never wholly got rid of by its disciples, however subsequently civilised. We all know how difficult it is to blame, even for atrocities, persons who take our own view in secular matters. Thus it happens that mutilators of cattle go unpunished, and dynamiters are spoken of as "political offenders," and but for the fact that religious cruelty is a contradiction in terms—a breach of the very law that it would maintain—it is not surprising that the same weakness should be exhibited by theologians. But in the present growth of scepticism that is admitted on all hands—and one cause of which is unquestionably the crimes that have been committed in the name of religion—it would not, perhaps, be out of place if religious parties of all kinds should express their abhorrence of the various atrocities which, when their forefathers had the upper hand, they inflicted on their fellow-creatures. In the old days it was ascribed to zeal; at a later date to fanaticism; and surely the time has now arrived when they might confess that the plea of doing such things "for the love of God" was a mere blasphemous pretence for the indulgence of brutal natures, impatient of contradiction and swift to slay when they could not convince. It is strange that we have not had one word from any of them, in their corporate capacity, to this effect, though a good many from their rivals, whose conduct in the same good old times was just as bad.

Now the autumn is at hand, one naturally looks to leaves from the novelists. At the seaside and in the country they are always welcome, and in wet weather have probably averted many a suicide. I can recommend "The Undergraduate" as likely to act as a safety-valve from this calamity. It is a curious medley of theology and love-making, but both subjects are treated with skill. Mr. Miller is an excellent type of a small but increasing class: the pastor of a little sect who has grown too large for his position and finds it, though in a new fashion, untenable. Mrs. Pottifer (whose name seems a little too obvious) is also a capital sketch, and the punishment of her misdoing is very fitting, though somewhat short of her deserts. The story has considerable merits, and the notion of the wife of a geological professor selecting a lover from such very recent strata as the undergraduate is certainly original.

It has become more and more the fashion in hotels and seaside lodging-houses for books to be kept in which the visitor records the experiences of his stay. It is generally a good sign, for it is only those who are conscious of having done their duty by him who dare to run so obvious a risk. Some of these testimonials have taken a poetic form, and obtained a circulation—thanks to the many "chiefs" who go about among us "takin' notes," which their authors have neither expected nor desired; but the following prose effusion, though strictly confining itself to the matter in hand, is not excelled in unconscious humour by any of them. It was found in a visitors' book in a seaside lodging-house, and neither the lodger who pens the eulogy nor the proprietor who is praised had apparently any suspicion that the statement was capable of two meanings. "It is not often that, after eleven weeks of occupation of furnished apartments, a family leaves *without a complaint*, but such is the case in this instance." The compliment is satisfactory as far as it goes, but it cannot be found fault with as being too fulsome.

I hear that a well-known scholar, engaged in education, is about to bring out, for the use of schools, an edition of "Vice Versâ" in classical Greek. This is an honour that has hitherto been only paid to nursery ballads of ancient date—in "Arundines Cami" and the like. The object, I suppose, is to interest young gentlemen in their Greek reading, which hitherto has been found uncommonly difficult. For this purpose, indeed, we would (freely) back Mr. Anstey against Aristotle. It has been objected to this undertaking that the "crib" will be too ready for the ass; but there are now cribs for every school-book; and as to the English rendering being known beforehand, I am inclined to doubt it. Everyone with a turn for humour has, indeed, read "Vice Versâ," but boys do not come under that category. Lord Beaconsfield once told Matthew Arnold, in his superlative fashion, that he was the first writer who "had been made a classic in his lifetime." Mr. Anstey will now be the second, in a still more literal sense.

When are we to have our railway carriages altered after the American model, with communication not only with the guard but with all our fellow-passengers? is the indignant inquiry that has already made its appearance in the newspapers, and which will be repeated pretty often during the Parliamentary recess. Twenty years ago this burning question had not been

set alight. "Our correspondents" had hitherto only concerned themselves with the locked doors of the carriages—a wrong which even sanguine Sydney Smith thought would never be remedied till a bishop had been burnt alive. Then there were two or three murders in railway trains. Adventures with madmen began to be common—some of them real madmen, others who only pretended to be such in order to get rid of their fellow-passengers. A well-known barrister of the Western Circuit, who wanted to read his briefs on his way down to Exeter, was tormented by some foolish person with interminable platitudes. "How fine Hanwell Asylum looks from the railway!" was one of them. "But not so fine as the railway looks from Hanwell!" replied the barrister, with a wild reminiscence in his eyes that reduced the other to silence for the rest of the journey.

Then came the breach-of-promise cases. If you got into a carriage alone with a lady, you had to marry her or take the consequences. This made the unprotected male exceedingly shy of travelling alone. If anyone has been in a railway accident, the remembrance of the catastrophe always recurs to him (as in Charles Dickens's case) when he travels again. The same thing happens when you have had to pay damages for a breach of promise of marriage alleged to have been made in a railway carriage: you never forget it. I know a confirmed bachelor who has suffered in this way, and who now never travels alone. "I always take," he says, "an insurance ticket against that kind of accident." Upon being pressed, he acknowledged this to be "a railway companion"—not a brandy-bottle, nor a book, nor a solitaire-board, but (as though he were a lunatic) a male attendant. "I pay his fare, of course, but that is a trifle compared with the risk of the other thing. I'll give you his address if you like; I have his card somewhere. 'To nervous gentlemen of position, who have to travel alone,' &c. His wife goes out as 'railway companion' to ladies. Their profession is a new one, and not generally known, but it affords a curious example of the laws of supply and demand." I have expectations from this old gentleman, and did not like to say, "Nonsense, you are joking!" But one wonders whether it is really true.

## HOME NEWS.

Her Majesty, who is at Osborne until Aug. 24, is to review the French fleet on Friday, the 21st, in Osborne Bay. The Queen will receive a number of the officers at Osborne, and the Admiral is to dine with her on the night of his arrival.

On Saturday, Aug. 8, the Prince of Wales, in the royal yacht Osborne, inspected the fleet at Spithead, and went on board the Camperdown, flag-ship of Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour. His Royal Highness, who was in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, also visited the Russian cruiser Admiral Korniloff. Her crew manned yards, and she joined in the royal salute which was fired. His Royal Highness is about to make a three-weeks stay at Homburg.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have, says *Truth*, been obliged to postpone their departure for Germany in consequence of the Queen having desired their company at Osborne during the visit of the French fleet to Spithead. They will leave Devonport for Osborne on Aug. 19, and are to stay with the Queen until the Saturday, when they hope to start for the Continent, the Duke going to Kissingen and the Duchess and her daughter to Coburg.

The Prince of Naples visited, on Aug. 8, the Prince Consort's Memorial and other places of interest around Edinburgh. His Royal Highness entertained at luncheon, in the Central Hotel, a party which included the Mayor, General Lyttleton Annesley, Colonel Bonyhey, Colonel McGeorge, and Colonel Mooney. The Lord Provost was unavoidably absent. The Prince and his suite left by the 4.15 train for Drymen, where they are the guests of the Duke of Montrose, at Buchanan Castle. On leaving the hotel and at the Waverley station the Prince was loudly cheered.

Mr. Gladstone read the lessons at Hawarden Church on Sunday, Aug. 9, and appeared to have regained his usual health.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has left England until about the middle of September.

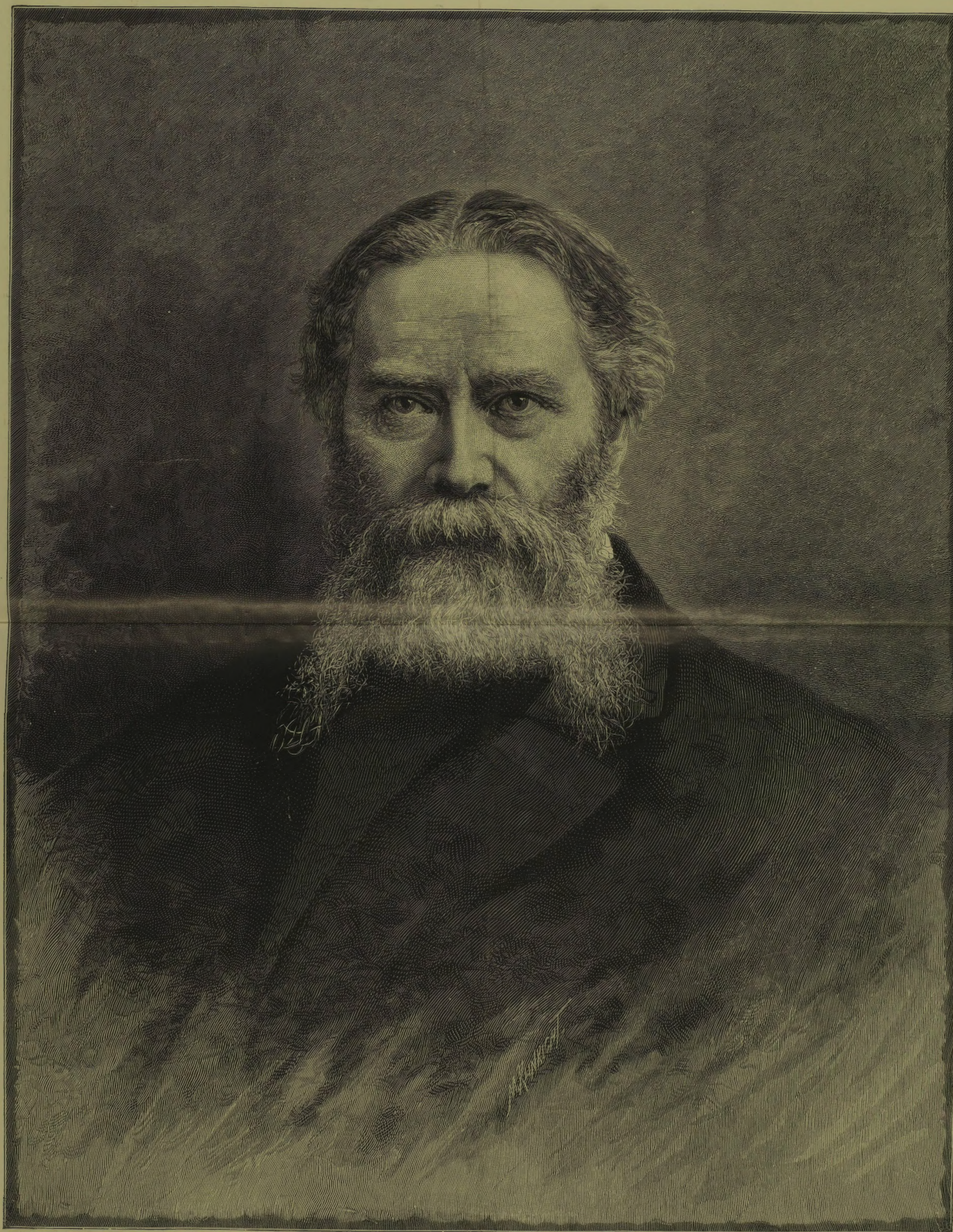
Mr. Balfour has made a series of important and brilliant speeches at Plymouth, showing great vigour and dialectical skill, and exposing the outlines of an Irish Local Government Bill, to be introduced next Session. The proposal is to establish County Councils in Ireland, without, however, any control over the police, and checked by a nominated element of magistrates, appointed in the interests of the loyal minority. This will make the measure distinctly weaker than the English Bill, but at present its reception has not been specially enthusiastic. The *Standard*, the *Morning Post*, and the *St. James's Gazette* are not entirely friendly, but the tone of the Liberal Unionist journals is much more cordial. The *Times* supports the measure, as a redemption of Unionist pledges at the last general election, and denies that it can be described by any reasonable man as "in any respect resembling a measure of Home Rule."

An aeronaut named Higgins had arranged to make a balloon ascent on Aug. 8 from Kirkstall, near Leeds; and Miss De Voy was to accompany him and descend by a parachute. At the moment of the start it was noticed that the gas was escaping from a large rent near the mouth of the balloon. The lady alighted, and her parachute was jerked off the balloon. Higgins was carried up to the adjoining telegraph wires, which threw him out, and, falling upon a fence, his back was broken. He died about fifteen minutes afterwards.

The Congress of Hygiene and Demography, representing 2000 delegates, has had a singularly brilliant and successful series of sittings. The congress, which is a kind of successor of the dead Social Science Congress, with a more distinct medical aim, was opened by a really brilliant and thorough address, delivered by the Prince of Wales, who came up to town for the express purpose. A feature of the congress has been the large attendance of foreign delegates, including deputations from India, sent by the native princes, as well as representatives of all branches of sanitary science from the principal European nations. The papers on the different sections have been popular and interesting expositions of the advance of modern scientific hygiene. Two brilliant entertainments have been given to the delegates—one a banquet at the Guildhall, the other a garden-party at Baroness Burdett-Coutts's charming grounds at Highgate.

The long-standing trouble between the Eastbourne division of the Salvation Army and the Town Council came before Mr. Justice Hawkins on Aug. 8, and the Judge suggested that the band should not play for two Sundays, pending the consideration of a proposal to restrict the route of the "Army" to a particular portion of the town. The Corporation, however, are averse to a compromise, and are anxious to have a direct legal decision on the right of the "Army" to parade with their bands on Sundays.





*From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, London.*

BORN, FEB. 22, 1819.

THE LATE HON. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

DIED, AUG. 12, 1891.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE FRENCH SQUADRON AT PORTSMOUTH.

The visit of the French naval squadron to our greatest naval port, and to the friendly society of the officers and crews of the British fleet, is an event appealing to those sentiments of chivalrous gallantry which characterise brave seamen as well as soldiers, and which readily, in all ages, overcome mere political jealousies between great and noble nations capable of mutual esteem and generous courtesy alike in peace and in war. It may be remembered that the last time England was engaged in a great war the French and British fleets acted as allies in the Black Sea and before Sebastopol; and that on the very last occasion, at the bombardment of the forts of Alexandria, when the British fleet was called upon to perform an important act of hostilities, the co-operation of the French fleet had been expected and desired. In Chinese waters, also, within our own recollection, the ships of the two nations have acted in concert; and whether or not, in any future contingency, this situation of affairs may ever recur again—a question beyond the predictions of statesmanship—it is certain that, from the acknowledged superior naval power of Great Britain, there is less liability, in such common services afloat, than in the operations of allied military forces on land, to jealousies arising out of disputed councils of war. In fact, the naval commanders of France and England have on such occasions preserved harmonious relations with each other more easily than those in command of the armies, and the feeling of "camaraderie," in meeting with foreigners of the same gallant profession as temporary associates, is peculiarly congenial to the sailor's disposition. We may therefore rely on the reciprocal goodwill of those who greet each other as guests and hosts in this naval reception at Portsmouth, including the townsfolk and all on shore; and it will not be our fault if the Frenchmen do not feel at heart that they like Englishmen better than Russians.

The squadron commanded by Admiral Gervais, arriving off the eastern shore of the Isle of Wight on Wednesday, Aug. 19, to be escorted by a British squadron along the Spithead roadstead to Cowes, under the eyes of her Majesty the Queen at Osborne House, is by no means an adequate display of the existing French Navy. It consists of four ironclads, the *Marengo*, which is the Admiral's flag-ship, the *Requin*, the *Marceau*, and the *Furieux*, the unarmoured cruiser *Surcouf*, and the torpedo-vessel *Lance*, with torpedo-boats. The *Marengo*, of which we give an illustration, is not of the most recent design, being a composite vessel, with 8-inch iron armour, and with a central battery, four 10-inch guns, four 9-inch, and eight of five or six inches calibre, with twelve machine-guns. The *Requin*, nominally a coast-defence vessel, is really a battle-ship, built of steel, with 19½-inch steel armour, and carries two 16½-inch guns, mounted *en barbette*, with quick-firing and machine-guns; the *Marceau* and the *Furieux* are as strongly armoured, with 13½-inch guns, *en barbette*, and sufficient lesser armament; they are propelled by twin screws, and act as rams. The *Surcouf* is a third-class cruiser, with twin screw, carrying four guns of minor calibre; the *Lance* is a small gun-boat, and the torpedo-boats are of less size than ours. This squadron cannot for a moment be compared with such mighty British ships as the *Nile*, *Camperdown*, *Anson*, *Rodney*, and *Hove*, in our Channel Squadron, and may rather be matched with the belted cruisers *Aurora* and *Immortalité*, also at Spithead. But France has a sufficiently powerful fleet, with such ships as the *Amiral Baudin*, the *Formidable*, and the *Amiral Duperré*, equal to those of any navy: its main strength is shown in the Mediterranean. At Toulon, last year, our own Mediterranean Squadron, under Admiral Hoskins, was courteously and hospitably welcomed. We are glad now to return the compliment at Portsmouth, and only wish that more and bigger French ships on this occasion were to visit our shores.

## THE EAST TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE.

A fine Sunday afternoon, with the band of the Scots Guards or the 2nd Life Guards playing, by the Queen's gracious command, on the terrace of her royal castle, during her Majesty's residence there, was one of the pleasant entertainments this summer freely granted to as many of her people as would come to enjoy it. The number so congregated on Whit Sunday was estimated at five thousand. From the north terrace, where they first assembled, overlooking the town of Windsor and Eton College, they were admitted, at four o'clock, to the east terrace, in front of the Queen's apartments. This terrace is a broad gravel walk forming a great semicircle; in the hollow ground below is the garden, of a rather formal plan, with angular flower-beds, alternating grassy slopes, clipped evergreens, and statuary, but gay with bright masses of floral blossom. Beyond is a fine view of the park and woods. The Guards' band was stationed on the lawn beside the pond and fountain. Our large Engraving represents the scene on the terrace, with some of the company there. It was understood that her Majesty and several of the royal family, at the windows of the castle, listened to the music and saw the gathering of the audience beneath.

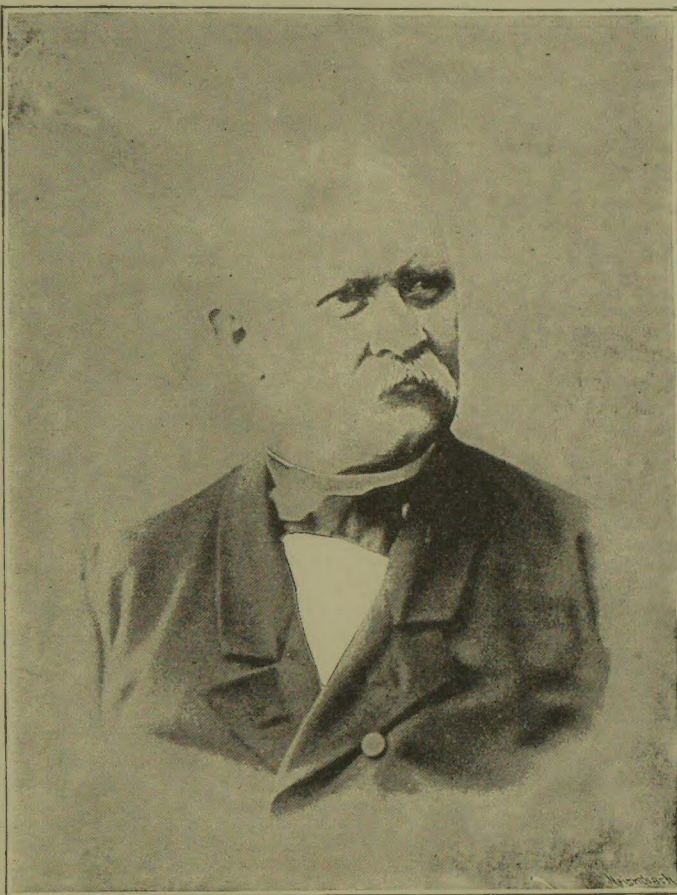
## STATION LIFE IN BURMAH.

We continue the publication of Surgeon Newland's amateur photograph illustrations of common incidents of life, apart from actual military duties, at a frontier station in the highlands of Burmah, where two English officers, with few books and rare events to form the topics of fresh conversation, may sometimes find it difficult to beguile their hours of leisure. Once a week, of course, they can and ought to write letters to their friends at home, but it is likely enough that their faculties of narrative and description have got no materials for

epistolary reporting since the last mail, and conjectural comments on what may be happening in England are restrained by a sense of the risk lest they should come wide of the mark. Once a month, in accordance with the custom of most English gentlemen, they call on Tom, the station barber, to cut their hair, which operation has a pleasant effect in that sultry climate. We do not know whether their mothers, their sisters, and other young ladies, who may claim a proprietary interest in the persons of our gallant exiled countrymen, will approve of the barbarous process of tattooing their arms. It is resorted to, under desperate circumstances, rather for the sake of excitement, as a novel, amusing, stimulating sensation, though somewhat painful, than from a vain desire of additional adornment. The native operator is skilful in drawing figures on the skin, then puncturing it, in the pattern designed, and rubbing in a pigment of the juice of some herb, warranted never to be effaced by any amount of washing. So one becomes "a marked man" for life before one is twenty-five years of age. To become "a man of mark" is quite another affair; but some of our officers in Burmah have performed such good services as to merit that kind of distinction. There are many people at home who wish them sound health and fair chances of timely promotion.

## THE SWISS CONFEDERATION.

In presenting, last week, a view of the town of Schwytz, the capital of one of the smallest and oldest Swiss Cantons, we referred to that interesting historical event the League formed by the three Cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, in defence of their liberties, on Aug. 1, 1291, which was the beginning of the Federation, now comprising twenty-two Cantons, with a population of three millions. The celebration, on the anniversary day and following days



DR. WELTI, PRESIDENT OF THE SWISS CONFEDERATION.

this year, of the sexcentenary of that memorable act has roused patriotic enthusiasm in every part of Switzerland; and our Artist's Sketches of the proceedings, to appear next week, will be acceptable to the readers of this Journal, as English public sentiment has always been friendly to the independence of that country. A portrait of the chief official personage, Dr. Welti of Glarus, President of the "Bundes-rath," or Federal Council of the Swiss Republic, for this year, will be regarded with due esteem; but it is not to be supposed that his political authority resembles that of a President of the United States of America or a President of the French Republic. The supreme executive power, according to the Swiss Constitution, is vested in the Bundes-rath collectively, which consists of seven members, appointed for three years by the Federal Assembly. To these Federal Councillors, severally, are allotted the different Ministries—namely, the Foreign Office, the Home Office, the Department of Justice, the Army, the Finance and Customs, the Department of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Trade, and the Post Office and Railways Department. The President and Vice-President, elected for one year only, and not re-eligible for the second year, do not appoint or control these Ministers, but carry out the decrees of the Council as nominal heads of the Confederation during their term of office; they have a voice in deliberating on its policy, but less real power than the Prime Minister of a kingdom with Parliamentary government. While each member of the Council, for his work as Minister of a Department, has the modest salary of £180 a year, that of the President is £600; they hold their sittings and conduct their administrative business in the city of Berne. The Federal Parliament, as the American Congress, consists of two Chambers; the "Stände-rath," formed like the United States Senate, of two members chosen by the ruling body of each Canton; and the "National-rath," to which 147 representatives of the people are sent by direct election. The proportion of members of the National-rath allotted to the Cantons respectively is according to their population, as it is with

the House of Representatives in the American Congress; thus Berne has twenty-seven representatives, Zurich has seventeen, Vaud has twelve, Aargau ten, St. Gall eleven, Lucerne and Bâle (Basel) seven each, Geneva five, but Schwytz only three, Unterwalden two, Uri and Zug each one; the rule being one representative for twenty thousand of population. Universal suffrage is the basis of Federal elections, while the Cantons have various constitutions; some of them electing a "Grosse Rath," or Great Council, to rule their domestic affairs; others requiring that every new law or measure of government shall be submitted to the direct vote of the people assembled for the occasion: this system exists in Appenzell, Glarus, Uri, and Unterwalden. The Federal Congress, even when both its Chambers sit together, may not override the Cantonal authorities in their Home Rule concerns; and any decree of the Federal Congress may, on the demand of eight Cantons, or of thirty thousand citizens, be referred to a direct vote of the whole nation, by which it may be altered or annulled. Such is the Constitution of Switzerland, with its latest modifications dating from 1874; but it was by no means so compact previously to 1848, and the differences of social condition, of race, language, and religion, with the aristocratic influence in Berne and other western Cantons, long prevented a thorough national union. Two-thirds of the whole population speak German, or a German dialect; nearly 640,000 speak French, and 160,000 Italian or "Romansch." These differences never impair their adherence to the common country, whose independence they have stoutly maintained.

## THE SCILLY ISLES.

Readers of this Journal, in whose pages first appeared Mr. Walter Besant's romantic story "Armored of Lyonesse," may have a fair general idea of the Scilly Isles, and know more of the isle of Samson, which is less frequently visited by tourists, than some who have made the trip from Penzance to St. Mary's. Twenty-five miles beyond the Land's End, in the mighty whirl of waters caused by the parting of the Atlantic Ocean current at the extreme "horn" of Cornwall, lies this group of granite rocks, probably once part of the mainland, as dim Celtic traditions, hinted at in the Arthurian legend, speak of a lost piece of prehistoric Britain, the mystic land of "Lyonesse," now submerged in the western sea. The circumference of the whole group is about thirty miles; the larger islets, St. Mary's, Treco, St. Agnes, St. Martin's, and Bryher, if not Samson, are sufficiently inhabited and cultivated, for much good soil lies in the hollows between the hills, and the climate is deliciously soft: here grows the myrtle to a tall bush; here do the geranium, the fuchsia, and many another delicate and splendid flower thrive and blossom in the open garden without particular care, thanks to the genial atmosphere that arises from the warm Gulf Stream.

The centre of population is Hugh Town, on St. Mary's, with its little port; but Treco Island boasts the residence of the landed proprietor, formerly esteemed almost the Lord or King of the Scillonian realm, holding his dominion as perpetual lessee from the Duchy of Cornwall. In this gentleman's beautiful gardens are the ruins of the ancient Convent of St. Nicholas, an off-spring of the great and rich Abbey of Tavistock; and almost every other isle bearing the name of a saint was the chosen site of a monastic cell established for the spiritual benefit of Celtic heathen, but often despoiled by heathen Danish pirates. There are few large trees, the wild west winds not permitting them to reach a tall upright stature on those exposed shores; but here and there, in sheltered vales, may be seen the elm or the sycamore timidly making the best of its position, while humbler vegetation, safely enjoying the mild moist air, covers the ground with verdure and flowers. Scillonian market-gardeners and potato-growers send their produce to London with a fair profit, and so do the fishermen of those isles. If their ancestors were smugglers, or were men not unwilling to gain riches by the frequent wreck of vessels with goodly cargoes returning to Bristol or to Plymouth, let us consider that "the world went very well then," but that it goes much better now. The Trinity House Corporation and Lighthouse Board have done much to prevent disasters; but sixteen years ago, when the large German steam-ship *Schiller*, with three hundred passengers and goods to the value of a quarter of a million, was lost on the Retarrier Ledges, we saw what the sea and rocks of Scilly could do. The cemetery at Hugh Town is filled with bodies of drowned men; a far greater number have not come ashore. In the sea, distant seven miles, is the Bishop Rock lighthouse, erected at a cost of £36,000, to warn mariners off this dangerous place; there is another on the isle of St. Agnes. One famous wreck here was that of the naval squadron of a brave old admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, a Cornish hero, in 1707, returning home from his victory at Toulon, when he and two thousand English sailors perished. Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in September, 1846, with the Prince Consort, visited the Scilly Isles. The social and economical condition of the islanders, under the paternal rule of the late Mr. Augustus Smith, M.P., as then resident landlord, was apparently most comfortable.

Historical reminiscences are not wanting in these isles: there are some remains of forts built in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, and those of Oliver Cromwell's Castle and King Charles's Castle, recalling the war of the Commonwealth, in which Blake captured this remote fragment of the kingdom. But the visitor will find his curiosity amply entertained by views of rock scenery and winding straits or inlets of water, various and strange as can be found anywhere on British shores. Our Artist's Sketches require no further comment; but to the man of summer holidays, in search of sights romantic and picturesque, let us give Horace Greeley's advice to the American lad seeking his fortune: "Go West, young man! Go West as far as you can!"



## "THE NAUTCH GIRL."—AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS LENORE SNYDER AND MISS JESSIE BOND AT THE SAVOY.

It would be but a poor compliment to either lady to say that neither off nor on the stage are Chinna Loofa and the graceful Bee-Bee, represented severally by Miss Jessie Bond and Miss Lenore Snyder—

... the bilious-headache person, who sits moping in a chair,  
Nor the Senlor-Wrangler person, with a stubble crop of hair;  
Nor the Bloom-of-Ninon person, whose face won't stand the weather,  
But quite another different kind of person altogether—

to whom there could not be a prettier background than the charming little dressing-rooms provided by Mr. D'Oyly Carte "behind the scenes" of the Savoy Theatre. Indeed, both ladies wax enthusiastic anent this most ideal of managers, whose lines must truly be cast in pleasant places, if every member of his company regards him in the same light as do his two present prime donne.

"Although your first appearance in a London theatre has been as 'The Nautch Girl,' Miss Snyder, you have long been familiar with the Savoy operas?"

"Yes, indeed! I made my debut in an amateur performance of 'The Pirates of Penzance.' That was in Indianapolis, my native city, and the opera was played in order to free President Harrison's church from debt. The performance was a great success, and a theatrical manager who happened to be passing through the town just then heard me sing, and offered me an engagement right away. Till that time I had hardly ever seen the inside of a theatre, and never been to a dance in my life, for my people are Presbyterians, and I had been brought up very strictly."

"But you must have received a good musical education?"

"Yes, after a fashion; in fact, I was overtrained from a musical point of view. Being, unfortunately, as a child a kind of singing prodigy, with the best intentions in the world my two masters—Karl Barns and Alexander Ernestinoff—strained my voice, and at fourteen it totally disappeared, and did not come back again for many a long day; in fact, I have never regained my old voice. Still, it gets better every day. I believe that singing is good for the voice—not too much of it, but enough. I think I must have sung in every one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, to say nothing of the standard opera parts—Dorothy, Michaela in 'Carmen,' Paola, &c."

"No, I never studied abroad. Most American girls do. At home the foreign stamp counts for a great deal, but I consider that there is just as good teaching in America as in Italy and Paris. I think women, on the whole, teach best; they understand better what the female voice can accomplish. My best teacher was Mrs. Robinson Duff, of Chicago. Of course, at first everything depends on the teacher. A girl must not begin to have singing lessons till she is sixteen or seventeen years old."

"And how do you find English audiences in comparison with American ones, Miss Snyder?"

"Well, they are widely different. An English audience applauds you before you begin singing; in America they wait to see what you can do, and are never very demonstrative. Again, if they see that you are nervous or make a little mistake the British public has a kind of fellow feeling and applauds good-naturedly in order to give you time to recover. At home a man wants his



MISS LENORE SNYDER AS BEE-BEE.



MISS JESSIE BOND AS CHINNA LOOFA.

money's worth, and is indignant if anything goes wrong. I must own that English audiences are the best. Everyone has been very kind to me over here, and I must tell you that if I am new to London boards the provinces know me well. Last year I went through England, Scotland, and Ireland with the Savoy Provincial Company."

"And what do you think of 'The Nautch Girl'?"

"Well, of course I like it immensely. The only thing in which I feel not quite at home is the dancing, but I hope to improve in that as I go on."

Miss Jessie Bond is an old favourite, yet it is hard to believe, as she sits in the pretty pink boudoir "making up" for the part of Chinna Loofa, that, in point of time, not years, she is one of the oldest members of the Savoy Company, and assisted in the earliest Gilbert-Sullivan successes.

"Yes, I am afraid to say how long ago it is since I joined Mr. Carte's company. I came here without any previous theatrical training, and have never been with anyone else. I received my musical training at the Royal Academy of Music. No, I never studied anywhere abroad. In fact, I was not thinking of the theatre at all, but began as a pianist."

"And you think a girl has a better chance in opera than in concert-room?"

"Oh, yes; that is, if she can act as well as sing. There is always a demand for efficient light operatic singers and actors. So few people can both sing and act. I do not believe much in teaching or being taught the dramatic art. People come to me and say, 'Miss Bond, do teach me how to act!' I tell them frankly that no one can teach them; that is, if they have not got it in them already. Lessons do more harm than good—at least, such is my belief. Of course deportment, standing, walking, &c., can be taught; but nothing but experience will really show the novice what to do and what to avoid in the way of gesture. All I know I learnt by myself, and on the Savoy boards."

"And you are never nervous?"

"Indeed I am—horribly so! I suffer perfect agonies before going on, old stager as I am," adds Miss Bond, laughing.

"And what has been your favourite part in all the operas?"

"That of Mad Margaret in 'Ruddigore,' decidedly. There were great possibilities in that part. I like a really difficult rôle—the harder the better—with plenty of strong acting in it."

"And how about your audiences?"

"Oh! they have always been kind to me, and I get the drollest letters, especially from little children! I am very proud of my letters, everything is so real to a child, and they do so enjoy going to the play. You should see my letter-bag during the Christmas holidays. 'Dear Miss Jessie Bond, I do so love you,' &c.; and sometimes they address me in character. Children are enterprising little beings, and generally manage so that their communications reach those to whom they are addressed."

"And 'The Nautch Girl,' Miss Bond?"

"Well, 'The Nautch Girl' seems likely to keep unbroken the spell of our successes; the music is charming, and will be, I should think, very popular. But, you know, I am just going off with my duologues to the provinces. Every year Mr. Barrington and I go a little provincial tour with specially written two-part pieces. We go from town to town and find the performances really 'catch on.' Mr. Grossmith has been wonderfully successful with the same kind of thing. Yes, Mr. Carte is the kindest of managers, and I think we are the most united company in the theatrical world."

And then, arrayed in truly gorgeous Indian Percy-Andersonian raiment, Miss Jessie Bond, alias Chinna Loofa, departs to fascinate the diamond-eyed idol Bumbo.

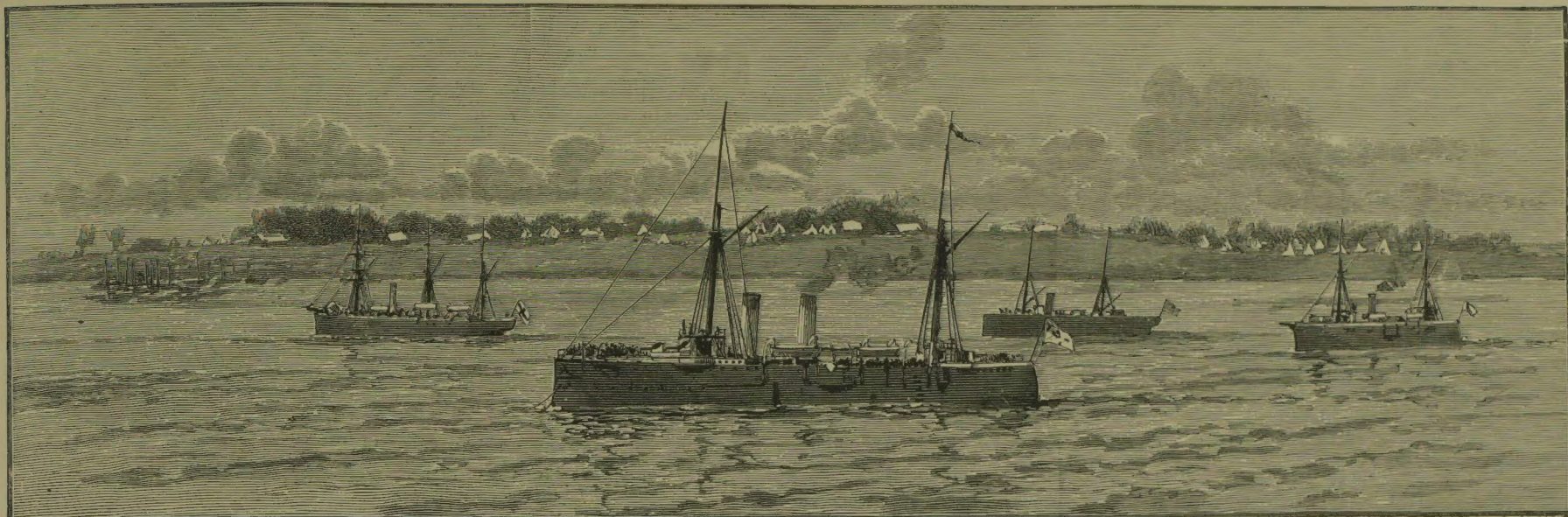
M. A. B.

Our Portraits are from photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, London.



## WITH THE PIONEERS TO MASHONALAND.

SKETCHES BY MR. DOYLE GLANVILLE, F.R.G.S.



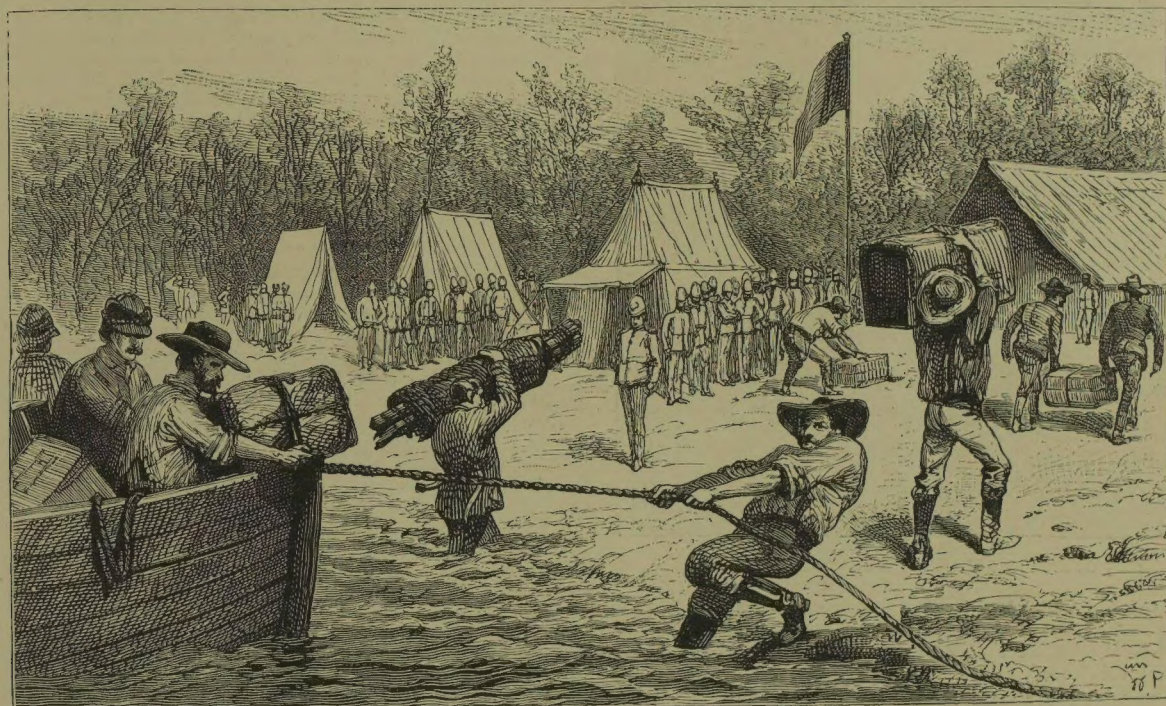
PORT BEIRA, EAST COAST OF AFRICA, WITH H.M.S. MAGICIENNE.

## THE PUNGWE ROUTE TO MASHONALAND.

The new goldfield country which has recently been acquired by the British South Africa Company is situated in the eastern part of South Africa, above fifteen hundred miles from the Cape, and within three hundred miles of the coast of the Indian Ocean. The first pioneer expedition to Mashonaland, in the months of July, August, September, and October

roads already made, and safely kept, for hundreds of miles into the interior, there can be little inducement to go round by the east coast, which, indeed, may as well be left to the undisturbed occupation of the Portuguese. As an experiment, however, this visit to the Pungwe and the adjacent swamps may be deserving of notice. The party, which arrived at Beira, on board the steamer Venice, from Natal, included three English ladies, members of a religious Sisterhood of Nurses—

a stretch of arid sand, with scattered groups of sheds of corrugated iron, a Portuguese camp of rather disreputable aspect, and the shelterless tents of the "Pioneers," who suffered by day from the pitiless sun, and from chilling dews and deadly cold at night, while their fresh water had to be fetched a distance of five miles. The passengers from the Venice landed here in a lighter, which was towed ashore. There was



ARRIVAL AT BEIRA.

last year, made the long march from Kimberley, the capital of the Diamond Fields, northward through Bechuanaland, which is a British protectorate or province, and thence eastward, traversing the country of the Matabele, a powerful nation, whose King, Lobengula, had consented to make a cession of Mashonaland, conquered by his father, to the British South Africa Company. How skilfully and successfully that expedition was conducted must be still in the recollection of our readers, who have had presented to them many Sketches of the route from Bechuanaland to Mashonaland; but they are now invited to turn their attention to the opposite route of approach—namely, from the eastern sea-coast, passing by the Portuguese territory which fringes that side of Africa from the Mozambique shores and the mouth of the Zambesi down to Delagoa Bay. A river called the Pungwe, entering the Indian Ocean at some distance south of the Zambesi, gives access, by rather tedious and difficult navigation for seventy miles, to Manica, the district which was so much contested, last November, between the agents of the British Company and the Portuguese officials of the Mozambique Company; and Manica is adjacent to the British stations in Mashonaland. The right of ascending the Pungwe by steam-boats has been secured to British subjects; and it was exercised this year by a party whose experiences we are about to relate, using the notes we have received from Mr. Doyle Glanville, F.R.G.S., to accompany his Sketches given this week. It will be understood, then, how these were not the original "Pioneers to Mashonaland," a numerous, highly disciplined, and well-armed band, under Lieutenant-Colonel Pennefather, with the local agents of the British South Africa Company, and with all appliances for road-making and fort-building, who marched from west to east; but some pioneers of the route from the east coast entering by the Pungwe River, from the port of Beira, in a small steam-boat called the Agnes, early in the month of June. Their steamer took four days to do the seventy miles from Beira to a place known as "Mponda's," probably from the name of the native village chief, beyond which there is no navigation, and they would have to travel thence a hundred and eighty miles by land to the nearest British settlement. It will be seen that this route, if it be much the shortest, after conveyance by sea from Natal to Beira, is by no means the most agreeable, and that it exposes travellers to the perils of a very unhealthy climate. For those who come from Cape Town, having a railway now constructed far into Bechuanaland, with

namely, Sister Aimée (Miss Blennerhasset), Sister Beryl (Miss Welby), and Sister Lucy (Miss Sleeman), belonging to the Bishop of Bloemfontein's Mashonaland Mission, in charge of our correspondent, Mr. Doyle Glanville. At Beira then lay a British naval squadron, consisting of H.M.S. Magicienne, with the British Consul on board, H.M.S. Brisk, and H.M.S. Pigeon, to protect the treaty right of British subjects to enter the river. Beira, viewed from the sea, was a dreary-looking place,



ON BOARD THE AGNES, GOING UP THE PUNGWE RIVER.

a crowd of Portuguese soldiers and natives, but not one of these could be persuaded to assist in getting the luggage ashore; the Englishmen had to unload and carry everything for themselves, and when night fell they left much of their goods and chattels on the beach, with considerable risk of robbery. Having no inducement to stay at Beira, they went on board the pioneer river steamer, the Agnes, on Saturday,



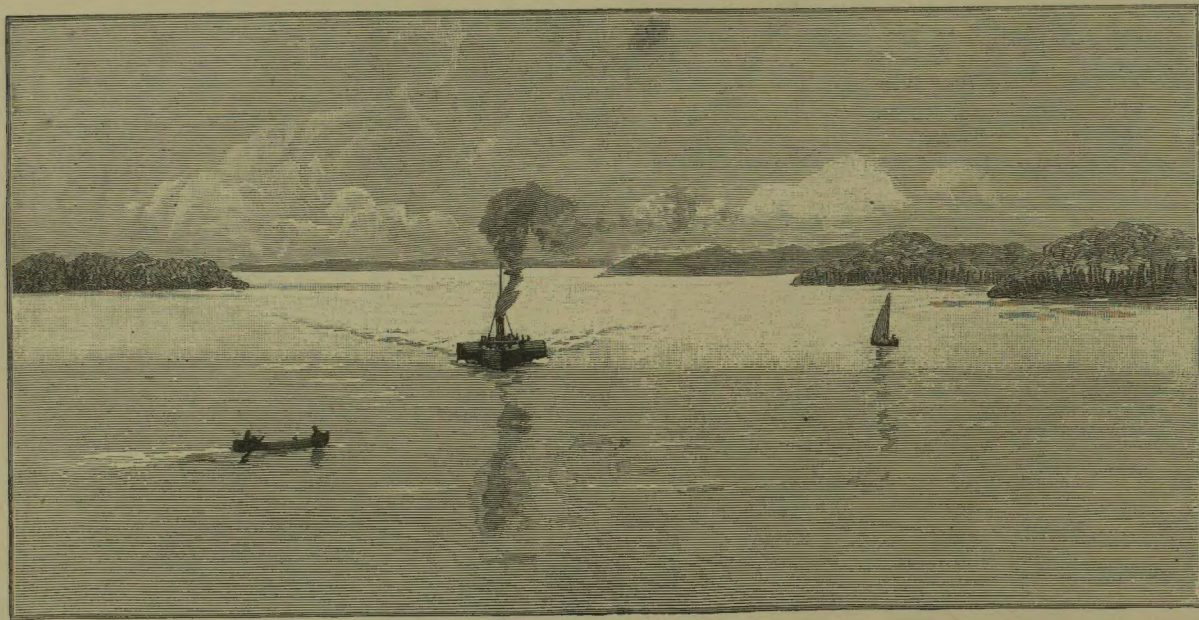
SISTERS OF THE RED CROSS IN THE PIONEER CAMP.



June 13, and started next morning up the Pungwe, in view of beautiful scenery, but in constant anxiety, and hindered by frequent stoppages, the vessel being repeatedly aground on mud-banks, and with dense fogs every morning. The voyage, according to promise, should have been accomplished in sixteen hours, instead of four days, which it required, for the seventy miles up to Mponda's; and provisions on board ran short, nor could they be procured on the banks of the river. Some of the passengers beguiled the tedious hours with a game of cards; others watched the hippopotami and the alligators in the river, or speculated on the likelihood of big game ashore. Arriving at Mponda's, where they left the steamer Agnes, the camp was found to be pitched beside a stagnant creek, a very hotbed of fever, and nearly all the Europeans there staying were laid up ill; the exceptions were Commander Jerram, R.N., of the Pigeon, Lieutenant Todd, of the Magicienne, and Mr. Wilkins, of the Bishop of Bloemfontein's Mission. The good sisters at once set to work nursing both European and native patients, acting with the utmost self-devotion, fortitude, and courage. They had many trials to endure. The site of the camp abounded with huge crocodiles, snakes, and other reptiles, while the tents swarmed with rats; and the night was made hideous by the howling of wolves and by the noise of other beasts, such as hyenas, and lions now and then. Some of the sick patients were delirious and raving; the cries of the natives also disturbed their rest. It must have been a bad time at Mponda's when our correspondent wrote, on June 18, but he and his companions were then preparing to start on their long march to Fort Salisbury. He would walk all the way, and the ladies would be carried in "machilas" or litters, if bearers could be hired, there being no horses or other beasts of burden; the food and baggage must also be carried by native boys. The journey would be over a swampy, fever-breeding country, with no road to speak of. We shall be glad to hear that these travellers have reached the comparatively healthy region of Mashonaland in a tolerable plight. The Pungwe route is apparently not one to be recommended.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

Continental legislative assemblies, like the British Parliament, are all, or nearly all, enjoying their summer holidays, the result being a scarcity of news, for which some of the foreign papers are making up by indulging in the propagation



WITH THE PIONEERS TO MASHONALAND: THE AGNES STEAMING UP THE PUNGWE RIVER.

of sensational announcements, which turn out to be unfounded and are almost immediately denied.

The latest sensation was a telegram from Paris, on Aug. 9, stating that ex-King Milan had committed suicide—a bit of news which, it is needless to add, was absolutely without a shadow of foundation. Before this the most alarming gossip had been current as to the state of health of the German Emperor, and this seems to have obtained credence in some quarters, for the official Telegraph Bureau in Berlin took the trouble to deny the rumours which had been circulated in a certain section of the Press of Europe, and to declare that the Emperor's health is excellent. Finally, a report to the effect that the Porte has consented to recognise the independence of Bulgaria was received on Aug. 10 from Constantinople: but this also appears to be incorrect, for the reason that the Porte will not recognise the independence of Bulgaria until all the signatory Powers of the Treaty of Berlin are agreed upon the question, and it is hardly necessary to point out that two of them at least would object to such a recognition.

The German Emperor, who arrived at Kiel on board his yacht Hohenzollern on Aug. 8, was met on his arrival by the Empress, who, the day before, had returned to Potsdam from England. His Majesty did not land, but remained on board his yacht, his intention being to take a few trips by sea.

Some sensation was caused in Berlin, a few days ago, by the publication of a pamphlet entitled "Gieb uns Brod, Kaiser" (Give us bread, Kaiser), and protesting, in forcible and poetic language, against the high price of food and necessities of life in Germany. This was looked upon as an incitement against the imperial administration, and the police promptly seized the pamphlet, which ere long will be at a premium among lovers of curious and rare publications.

At the same time, it would seem as if events were likely to justify to some extent the author of the pamphlet, for it is said that Germany is already suffering from the effects of the enforcement of the McKinley tariff. An American correspondent who has been investigating the question states that in the Berlin Consular jurisdiction of the United States, including Berlin, Bremen, Leipzig, Hamburg, &c., the exports show a falling off of 6,500,000 dollars, as compared with the previous twelve months. The same thing has been noticed in the Frankfurt Consular district, the decrease there amounting to 2,900,000 dollars. There is no reason to dispute the accuracy of the figures given; but the result they show may not be due wholly to the McKinley tariff. It is quite possible that, large purchases having been made just before the passing of the Bill, the American market is now overstocked with German goods, and that in consequence the demand is inferior to that of last year. At all events, this explanation would hardly account for so large a decrease, and the McKinley tariff must certainly have affected the German export trade, as it has affected that of several other countries.

In 1886 a law was enacted by the French Parliament making the laicisation of all boys' schools compulsory within five years. That period has now elapsed. When the present holidays are over, not one of the 52,000 teachers in the primary schools of France will be an ecclesiastic. In girls' schools, however, about one fourth of the teachers are nuns, and these are likely to remain, for the law has stipulated no limit of time to their laicisation. While the compulsory laicisation of primary schools is thus being carried on by law, the same process is gradually going on through natural causes in Catholic higher schools, where the attendance is rapidly diminishing. These Catholic Universities will soon disappear at the present rate, unless some reaction sets in in their favour, but that is a very remote contingency.

M. Carnot has accepted the invitation to visit the champagne-producing districts during the autumn, and will go to Epernay, Châlons, Rheims, and Vitry at the time of the annual manoeuvres of the Eastern Army Corps. He was also invited to make a trip to Brittany; but there are limits to the endurance even of a President of the Republic, and the good Breton folk must wait until next year to get a glimpse of M. Carnot.

M. Ribot has decided on a few changes in the diplomatic representation of France abroad, and the following appointments have been gazetted: Count de Montebello, at present Ambassador at Constantinople, goes to St. Petersburg, in the room of M. de Laboulaye, who resigns; M. Cambon leaves the Madrid Embassy to succeed Count de Montebello at Constantinople; and M. Roustan, who was French Minister at Washington, goes to Madrid as Ambassador.

About two months ago, private letters from West Africa received in Liverpool announced that M. Crampel, the French explorer, had been murdered by the natives in the neighbourhood of Lake Tchad. No confirmation of this news having reached Europe, it was looked upon as unfounded. Unfortunately an official telegram from Brazzaville received in Paris a few days ago has removed all doubts as to M. Crampel's fate. He was assassinated on April 9 last, together with an interpreter, two Senegal skirmishers and the chief of his escort, M. Biscarrat. The rearguard, commanded by M. Nebout, retreated to Bangui and thence to Brazzaville. M. Crampel's object was to open up the region around Lake Tchad to French influence, and to connect it with the French Congo. A second

expedition, which had been sent to support him, was at Brazzaville when the news of his death was received. It is now doubtful whether that second expedition will proceed before being reinforced.

This is the second failure of a French mission in Africa recorded within the last few weeks; the other was that of M. Fournau, some members of which were killed in a collision with the natives, and which also was compelled to beat a retreat.

The situation in China is not improving, and the measures taken by the Pekin Government for the protection of foreigners do not appear adequate to the European Powers interested. Hence the negotiations alluded to in these columns last week, and which are still going on, with a view to bring about a joint action by several European fleets in Chinese waters. The United States Government has recently given orders for the dispatch to China of the Marion, which is to be followed as soon as possible by the Alert. This display of force on the part of civilised Governments may have a beneficial effect on the officials of the Celestial Empire, although it would be rash to expect much from the Chinese mandarins, who seem to be overawed by powerful secret societies.

The Ministerial crisis in Holland has at last been brought to an end by the formation of a new Cabinet under M. Tak Vanpoortvliet, who takes the portfolio of the Interior. The Premier's colleagues are M. Vanthienen (Foreign Affairs), M. Smidt (Justice), M. Cremer (Colonies), and M. Pierson (Finance).

The influenza is still lurking in various countries, and it seems to be very prevalent just now in most opposite corners of Europe—Moscow and Oporto. It is a far cry to Portugal from Russia, and no one seems to account for the breaking out of the disease in places so far apart. Perhaps the gentlemen of the Congress of Hygiene and Demography may throw some light on the erratic ways of influenza.

"General" Booth, of the Salvation Army, arrived at Cape Town on Aug. 9, on board the Union Company's steamer Scot, and proceeded at once to the residence of Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, at Rondebosch. The Scot made the passage in 15 days 2 hours 10 min.

Mr. Irving, who is staying at Malvern, has been overwhelmed with letters of inquiry in consequence of a statement published in the newspapers to the effect that he had undergone a serious operation to the throat, and was in danger of losing his voice. The fact is, however, that Mr. Irving is, fortunately, in no such danger, and has merely undergone a very trifling operation with the object of rendering his throat less sensitive to cold.

### CLIQUE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

A young man wrote a long letter some days ago to a member of the scribbling profession, asking, as it were, what he should do to be saved. Temporary salvation, to this youth's mind, consisted in being able to "write," and to get what he wrote into print. What was he to read, he plaintively asked, to teach him to write? It did not at all appear that he had anything to say, or that he wanted to say anything; he was merely devoured by a desire *bombinere in vacuo*, like the Rabelaisian Chimera, to scribble somehow something that should be printed. It was pointed out to this enthusiast that, if he had anything to say, he need only sit down and say it, but that, as for the books he ought to read, it was not possible for his mentor to draw up a list of the British classics. Unless he is wiser than most of his kind, the young man is now reviling the person from whom he sought counsel, as the member of a clique, a gang who wish to keep all things to themselves. The belief in cliques and gangs is very prevalent among the amateurs who, having naught to say, and no gift of saying it agreeably, desire to have their attempts printed in magazines and journals. They say, not without truth, that their verses, for example, are not worse than many which appear transfigured with the glories of print. They argue that the successful rhymes have "got in" by favour, while their odes are unjustly excluded. To be frank, most verses are on such a dead-level of decent worthless mediocrity that perhaps poets known in one way or other to editors have a better chance than the unknown amateur. Where all is alike and indifferent, a featherweight of acquaintance may turn the balance. Perhaps a truly conscientious editor would ballot monthly among the poems sent for his consideration, and, judging by the examples in magazines, one might suppose that this really is the method of selection adopted. On the other hand, perhaps nine-tenths of magazine poetry, especially in America, is written by women. Are we to suppose that ladies who trifle with the lyre are as nine to one to the men who strike the chorded shell. Or are editors but men, like the Cadi in the tale of Oriental justice, and are they more willing to give women a chance? Or are women really better poets than men at present? If we accept the second hypothesis, all men are one large clique, inclined to favour women, and the young male poet will only have a chance when ladies become editors.

Apart from this unimportant business of irksome sonnets and odes, there are not "cliques," perhaps, in the conduct of journals. Everybody is anxious to get the best work he can: if the work be unusually good, everybody prefers it from a new hand; but when it is a question of ordinary jog-trot literature, old hands and old friends have, doubtless, the preference. Why should anyone displace a veteran favourite merely to make room for a fresh hack whose trot is precisely the same old jog? It would be unkind to turn the old animal out of employment when no advantage would accrue from the change. Now, the peculiarity of the grumbling amateurs is this—to have no peculiarity, to produce the ancient stereotyped copy, in novels, essays, reviews, and the rest, as if it had been turned out from a mould. To one who reads many manuscript novels, it seems as if he had read them all many times before, so exactly does each hopeless new beginner amble in the old mill-horse round. And then the authors complain that they are crushed by cliques!

Extraordinary as it may seem, there are actually writers of standing, of success, and even occasionally of talent, who believe in cliques of cruel and ruthless enemies. To many authors, every man who does not praise them, because he does not happen to care for their performances, is a personal foe, animated by some bitter motive. If these unluckily credulous authors would ask themselves why So-and-so should hate them, they might begin to see their own fallacy. Probably the critic and author seldom meet, have never had any cause of quarrel; yet, because Brown does not care for Jones's poems or novels, Jones avers that Brown is his private foe. Unluckily, it is true that some men and some reviewers hate all success of every sort. It seems odd that they should do so, as they have no right to be jealous. They must know that success is so utterly out of their own reach that they might as well detest the Queen for owning the unlucky Koh-i-noor as hate Jones for writing a popular book. However, this viperous kind of human being exists. It was said of Samuel Rogers that he was jealous of the triumph of a pretty girl, to which, of course, he could never have aspired. There are also press-men of this temper. But the author who believes in hostile cliques holds that every mortal who cannot praise him belongs to a clique banded for his ruin. I cannot read Mr. Tumpy's sermons, let us say; nor do I find any of the qualities of poetry in the triplets of Mr. Duffkin. Perhaps I say as much when the works in question are presented to me for review. Instantly Duffkin and Tumpy regard me as a sworn enemy. "What have we done to that malicious wretch?" they cry, "that he should band himself with a sneering crew to malign us!" Done, gentlemen!—you have done nothing wrong, only you have produced tedious works, which pain me—and other people. There is no personal question whatever. But Tumpy and Duffkin will not believe this. They appear to hold that no mortal can conscientiously disapprove of their performances. Next, weary of speaking his mind about the unsympathetic authors, weary of their unmanly complaints, the critic leaves them alone—neither reads nor even reviews them. And yet Duffkin and Tumpy are not happy; they now complain of being crushed by silent neglect. In fact, unless you praise some authors, you are denounced as their personal enemy. Even "the charity of silence" is not accepted with gratitude. It must be praise, or hatred and open war.

The absurdity of this attitude is obvious. No author, when he is generally applauded, ever complains that there is a conspiracy to puff him. He never believes in cliques friendly to himself, only in cliques hostile to him and friendly to others. By parity of reasoning, were his vanity capable of reasoning, the most conceited author might infer that, if all who do not care for his work are his enemies, all who applaud it are his friends. But none of the authors who believe in cliques ever come to this apparently inevitable conclusion. The vanity of our profession makes us believe that our own writings are good, absolutely good for all men, and can only be dispraised by naked malice.

Of course one does not mean that authors are not often badly treated. Mr. Howells mentions an editor who told a new contributor that it was "the policy of the paper" to dispraise So-and-so, just as if literature were politics, in which the opposite party can never do right. We have lately seen an author very solemnly accused of being a kind of panderer to public taste, of looking round for a literary vicious passion, that he might minister thereto. This calm assumption of omniscience about a gentleman's motives might shock a French *jeu d'instruction*, but such conduct is not rare on the critical bench. Then there be the injudicious admirers, who write long books about living writers. Certainly, authors have their woes, but the belief in gangs of banded enemies is a sorrow which they "draw on themselves beyond what is appointed."



## PERSONAL.

One of the most interesting engagements of the hour is that of Prince Hans Henry of Pless to Miss Daisy Cornwallis West, the daughter of Mr. Cornwallis West, M.P., the Liberal Unionist member for Denbighshire. Prince Hans is one of the most solid young men in the German Empire. His family are great and rich territorial magnates in Silesia, and they also own great tracts of land in Friedland and elsewhere. It was through one of the passes on the Austrian frontier which crosses their estates that the Prussian army passed on its way to Sadowa. Prince Hans is an able and accomplished young man, a favourite with the German Emperor, whom he accompanied on his English tour. He is doing excellent work at the German Embassy in Paris, and his tastes are in good directions.

The Pless family is a fairly old one, the title of Baron de Fürstenstein, which the heir of the house bears, dating from 1650, and being followed in 1666 by the further title of Comte de Hochberg. The "Prince" only came as late as 1850, and the final honour was the leave to assume the address "Serene Highness," which was granted by the King of Prussia in 1861. Prince Hans Henry is just thirty years of age.

The president-elect of the Trade Union Congress, which opens at Newcastle on Sept. 7, is Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., member for Morpeth, and Parliamentary representative and secretary of the Northumbrian Miners' Union. Mr. Burt's amiable face and gentle, unobtrusive manners have now been familiar at St. Stephen's for seventeen years. He rarely speaks, though his powers of clear and persuasive talk are very considerable. He is an old unionist, a promoter of arbitration in the settlement of strikes, an opponent of the Eight-Hours Parliamentary movement, a lover of Wordsworth and of English poetry, and a man of quiet but sincere culture. He is a teetotaler, and a friend of peace in the diplomatic as in the labour world. He speaks with the strong Northumbrian "burr" of his native place, but his voice has a very pleasant and melodious note in it. He will make an intelligent and thoughtful president, though he will not be in sympathy with the more active sections represented at the congress.

By the passing away from among us of Mr. George Lock, who died at his house in Warltersville Road, Hornsey Rise, on Aug. 8, the publishing trade of London has lost one of its most active and enterprising members. He was for a number of years closely identified with the kind of publishing enterprise that builds its fabric on the foundation of popular culture, supplying in the most practical way the demand for standard works of education and reference, and the great market that has been opened by the spread of education. Mr. Lock, who was born at Dorchester in 1832, came to London as a young man, and in 1854 entered into partnership with Mr. E. Ward, who, after ten years' experience in the publishing house of Henry G. Bohn, had for some years managed the book publishing business of Ingram, Cooke, and Co. At 158, Fleet Street, formerly occupied by Mr. Nutt, the foreign bookseller, the two partners commenced business under the firm of Ward and Lock. Both Mr. Ward and Mr. Lock "travelled," and in a few years had built up a great connection throughout the United Kingdom. The idea of good books at popular prices "caught on" wonderfully, and in the course of time Ward and Lock extended their operations in various directions. They entered into business relations with the late Mr. S. O. Becton, becoming proprietors of *Becton's Boys' Magazine*, *Becton's Annual*, *Mrs. Becton's Household Management*, &c.

The Marquis of Ailesbury—whose application for leave to sell the Savernake estates in Wilts for £750,000 to Lord Iveagh, better known as Sir Edward Guinness, was refused by Mr. Justice Stirling—has had a brief and not very fortunate career. He is now in the hands of the money-lenders, and it was shown in the trial that he owed £200,000 to the well-known Mr. Samuel Lewis. Lord Ailesbury succeeded to the estates of the Bruces and Brudenells in 1866, having previously had a rather stormy career as Viscount Savernake. At one time he drove a hansom cab in London, and was famous with the splendour of his attire as an amateur coachman. Shortly after succeeding to the marquessate he was warned off Newmarket Heath by the Jockey Club for having ordered the pulling of a horse. In the course of the trial it was stated that he had had £175,000 out of the estate, which is one of the largest and finest in England, and had loaded it with incumbrances to the extent of £250,000.

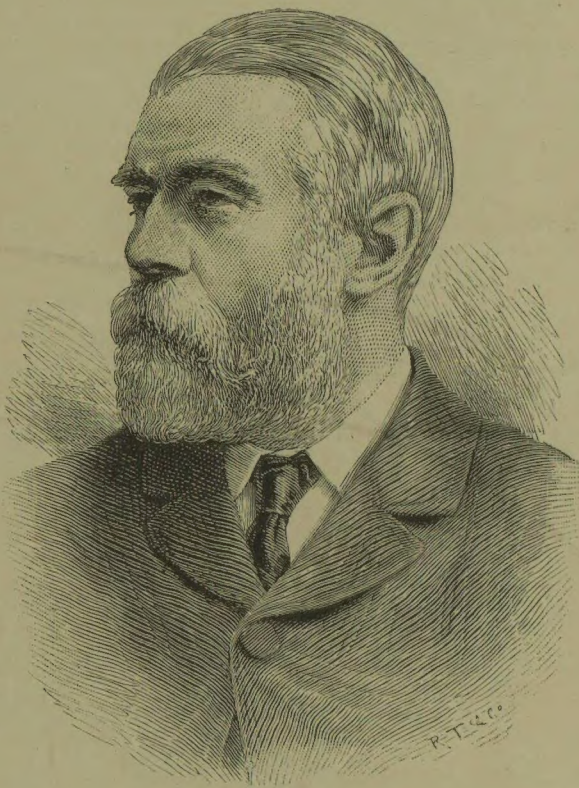
Professor Bryce and other British students of Canadian affairs have led us to regard with admiration the machinery of government in our leading colony. They have pictured its virtues in glowing eulogy, and caused us to thank Heaven that our own people are not as those Republicans and sinners in the United States. The searching inquiry now in progress at Ottawa is fast dispelling this comforting illusion. The Civil Service of the Dominion is rotten to the core. Of that there can no longer be any doubt, and, what is worse still, there is only too much ground for fearing that the pilfering of public funds for political, if not for personal, purposes has not been unknown to those high in authority. The Minister of Public Works, Sir Hector Langevin, under whose management this state of things has been allowed to develop in his own department, is the oldest of Canadian Privy Councillors, and was a life-long friend and associate of the late Sir John Macdonald. Himself a native of the province of Quebec, Sir Hector, like so many of his French-Canadian compatriots, devoted himself to political affairs from his earliest days, and those who have watched his long and, on the whole, useful career will hope that he may yet be able to clear himself from the circumstantial charges of political corruption which, unless disproved, must drive him from public life. Sir Hector has, it should be added, resigned the Ministership of Public Works, pending the result of the inquiry.

But though Sir Hector Langevin may escape from the ordeal, the investigation will leave an indelible stain upon the political methods in vogue in Canada. A loose public morality has been shown to pervade the public life of the community generally, and if the present investigation deals more especially with the doings of the party which Sir John Macdonald so long led, the cynic may with some justice suggest that it is only because the other side has lacked the chances which the sweets of office give. Happily, Canada has at the helm of affairs men who are determined that, at whatever cost, the whole truth shall be made known. "Justice," said the Premier in the Senate the other day, "shall be dealt to all, and dishonesty punished whenever found, be it in high or low, rich or poor, great or small"; and we may be sure that men of the standing of Sir John Thompson and Mr. Abbott will see that this policy is carried out without fear or favour. This is the least that public opinion in Canada demands; and in this one fact we may take consolation that the people of the Dominion are sick of this "carnival of corruption," and will now rid themselves of it, be the sacrifice what it may.

On Aug. 8, in the burying-ground of St. Andrew's, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, there was a representative gathering round the grave of W. Howie Wylie, who on the previous Wednesday

had passed unexpectedly away. He was a man of no common mark. Few journalists better deserve to have their life-story told. Born fifty-seven years ago in the town of Kilmarnock, he early became a "knight of the pen." When the *Glasgow Daily Mail* started he was appointed correspondent for his native place, and the story goes that when a representative of that paper went to Kilmarnock and made a call upon the local correspondent he was found to be a young lad in working apron setting up type at a case. Before he was fairly out of his teens he was practically the editor of the *Ayr Advertiser*. Thence he passed to Nottingham, and while connected with its *Journal* wrote what has become a standard history of the town. He was next found at Liverpool as sub-editor of its weekly *Mercury*. Recrossing the border, he entered Edinburgh University, and while attending its classes was sub-editor of the *Express*. After a few years in the Baptist ministry, he resumed his journalistic career by becoming correspondent in the House of Commons for several provincial journals, a member of the Gallery staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and an assistant in the editorial office of the *Christian World*. While in London he became acquainted with Thomas Carlyle, and frequently visited the "sage" at his residence in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Immediately after the death of Carlyle he published a most interesting volume of reminiscences, which had a large sale. In 1882 he returned to Scotland as editor of the *Christian Leader*, and more recently he became its proprietor.

Sir Joseph Fayrer, the President of the Congress of Hygiene and Demography, which has been opened with a vigorous address by the Prince of Wales, is one of the most distinguished medical specialists of his age. He is the son of Commander Fayrer, R.N., and is a Plymouth man by birth. He is an M.D. of Edinburgh, and a Fellow of nearly all the medical and learned societies of Great Britain, has had a distinguished career in naval and military service, was present at the siege of Rome in 1849, and served through the Burmese War of 1852 and the Indian Mutiny five years later. His Indian career was particularly distinguished. He was travelling physician to the Prince of Wales during the Prince's visit to our Indian Empire, and was made a K.C.S.I.



SIR JOSEPH FAYRER, K.C.S.I., M.D.

by him in 1876. He has published a valuable work on poisonous snakes in India, for which he received the thanks of the Indian Government, and he is the author of many standard books on medical subjects arising out of his Indian experience. He is honorary physician to the Queen and the Prince of Wales, is an honorary LL.D. of Edinburgh, and has received numerous foreign orders and decorations.

Mr. Julian Russell Story, who has just been married to the charming American prima donna Miss Emma Eames (who this season has identified herself with the parts of Marguerite, Juliette, and Desdemona), at the pretty little church of Bray, near Maidenhead, in a very quiet and unostentatious manner, is a son of Mr. William W. Story, the well-known American sculptor, who resides in Rome. He is a rising young artist, whose fame has recently been considerably increased by his contributions to the Paris Salon, where, by the way, hangs a portrait of his charming bride. Mr. and Mrs. Julian Story are spending their honeymoon in the Midlands.

The death is announced of Henry Litolf, the well-known pianist and composer. The deceased was in his seventy-fourth year, having been born in London in February 1818. His education as a pianist was due chiefly to Moscheles. In 1841 the late musician was appointed bandmaster at Warsaw, and ten years later proceeded to Brunswick, where, through his marriage, he acquired the Meyer music-publishing business, and founded the celebrated series of cheap editions of classical music bearing his name. He made over the business to his adopted son, Theodore Litolf, in 1860, and has since resided in Paris. Setting aside several songs and *meccas de salon* for the piano, Henry Litolf's best-known work in the way of original composition is the series of five concertos for piano and orchestra.

The death, at the age of ninety-one, of the Dean of Bristol, one of the oldest members of the Church of England, and its oldest dignitary, removes the last of Lord John Russell's appointments. Dr. Elliot's nomination dates from 1850, and was one of the results of Lord John's vehement espousal of the Evangelical, as opposed to the High Church movement. Dr. Elliot was a strong partisan, and did a good deal of vigorous work for his side. He was prominent in his day, was a powerful preacher, and a man of fine presence. Of late years he lived a retired life, taking little part in Church controversies.

In our notice of the exhibition of the works of the late Rev. E. T. Daniell, of Norwich, we omitted to state that the illustration we reproduced, "Summit of Mount Sinai," was contributed to the catalogue by Miss C. M. Nicols.

For our Portrait of the Earl of Westmorland in our last issue we are indebted to Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W.

## THE LATE JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1819—1891.

The death of Mr. James Russell Lowell, the American poet, man of letters, and diplomatist, will come as a sudden and severe shock to the two continents of English-speaking folk in which his name was a household word. Mr. Lowell's residence in England as American Minister won him hosts of friends, due to his great social tact, his interest in English life and literature, and the series of brilliant and instructive speeches and addresses in which he illustrated and adorned nearly every current literary event of importance. Few who heard one or other of the addresses which he delivered on literary topics are ever likely to forget them. His delivery was as exquisite as the material. Mr. Lowell's earlier poetic reputation belongs, of course, primarily to America, whose life-and-death struggle during the Civil War he has commemorated in every form of verse—heroic, humorous, satiric, and lyrical. But his love of this country, in which he once had the intention of residing permanently, and the extent to which his poetry has passed into the fabric of our language and literature, have given him a permanent place in the hearts of Englishmen.

The grandson of Judge John Lowell, who founded the Lowell Institute in Boston, the poet was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts on Feb. 22, 1819. He took his degree at Harvard University in 1838, and after a long period of literary work assumed the chair of Modern Languages at his *Alma Mater* in succession to Longfellow. But his home life is mainly associated with the house at Cambridge which he has described so pleasantly in "My Study Windows." That book aptly represents the poet as the writer of some of the most valuable criticisms of our time. Mr. Lowell as a prose writer—and the essays of "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows" are now included in the complete Riverside Edition of his works—shows a versatility and a catholicity in which he is scarcely approached by any other critic, and is quite unsurpassed by any other poet. Mr. Swinburne is at times as luminous, but he has not the uniform sanity of the New England author. Of Dante, Cervantes, and Goethe, of Chaucer, Shelley, and Wordsworth, he has written with remarkable force and judgment. That judgment does not leave him when he treats of Emerson and his American contemporaries, and a sounder piece of criticism was never propounded to his countrymen than the essay on James Gates Percival, in which he makes merry over the tendency to look upon the poetic geese of the States as veritable swans. But Mr. Lowell's prose perhaps reaches its nearest approach to poetry in those essays of his on "My Garden Acquaintance" and "A Good Word for Winter," wherein he lovingly describes the country life which he has lived, in intervals of visits to England, for so many years.

The basis of Mr. Lowell's poetic fame undoubtedly is the series of satiric and dialect poems, called forth by various aspects of American policy, and especially by the Civil War, entitled "The Biglow Papers." Satire of the most trenchant and daring character, pathos of the tenderest, feeling at once deep and manly, and above all a passionate and absorbing patriotism, are the key-notes of this remarkable work. It came as a trumpet-call to duty and honour at the time when the issues were confusing, the dangers overwhelming, the national conscience hardly awake to the true nature of the crisis. The poetry and fervour of the work are mingled with the most delightful vignettes of character. Here are the Rev. Homer Wilbur, the good parson and the editor of the series; his parishioner Hosea Biglow, the young patriot-poet; Birdofredum Sawin, recruit in the Mexican war, "nigger" owner, and adventurer in general; and "John P. Robinson," the typical party voter and political "boss"; the Pious Editor who believes in "interest" but not in "principle" in freedom "ez fur away as Payris is," and whose business is to keep the people green, "to feed ez they hev fed" him. As satiric poetry, with the finest and keenest edge, and with that under-strain of serious thinking which belongs to all the best work of the kind, "Jonathan to John"—the severest rebuke of English policy during the Civil War ever administered, "What Mr. Robinson Thinks," "The Pious Editor's Creed"—which must still set many editorial ears a-tinkling—and the noble verses on the Mason and Slidell episode have, in spite of their dialect, for ever passed into literature. Was ever the story of the American nation more pregnantly suggested than in these lines from the last-named poem?

O strange New World, thet yit wast never young,  
Whose youth from thee by grippin' need was wrung,  
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed  
Was prowled round by the Injun's cracklin' tread,  
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,  
Nuss'd by stern men with empires in their brains.

Still finer, perhaps, is the apostrophe to Peace, which marks the close of the struggle, and which cannot even now, when the stormy passions out of which it grew have subsided, be read without tears—

Come, Peace, not as a mourner bow'd,  
For honour lost an' dear ones wasted.

Mr. Lowell's name as a poet does not, however, entirely depend on his great satiric poems. His capacity for crystallising the movements of the age in clear-cut epigrams is conspicuous in such works as "The Present Crisis," which is fairly packed with phrases that have long become current coin. "New occasions teach new duties," "Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne," "Some great cause, God's new Messiah," are hackneyed with much usage, but they have inspired more sermons and articles than, perhaps, any one collection of verses in the English language.

"The Courtin'," a New England idyl, thrills you with simple beauty. Every expression is perfect, while the feeling of the poem is delicious beyond the power of words to describe. "Anti-Apis," "An Interview with Miles Standish," "Bibliolates," and other poems give the key to Lowell's theology, which is of a strongly liberal bent. Then "The Vision of Sir Launfal" not only contains some of the finest lines in modern English poetry, witness these two—

To our age's drowsy blood  
Still shouts the inspiring sea,

but is an exquisite adaptation of the mystic mediæval spirit to modern religious ideals.

James Russell Lowell is, perhaps, on the whole, the greatest patriot-poet of the age, as he is also the most distinctly imbued with modern humanitarianism. He stands, first, for his beloved country—a country purged from the sin of slavery and the vices of political intrigue—and secondly, for the Gospel of Man, which he reads in Christianity and which he discerns as the goal of most modern statesmanship. His critical instinct, so fine and so unerring, and his sense of style keep his verse at a high level, though it may be said to lack the classic severity of form and the variety of metrical expression which are the stamp of the very highest poetry. Mr. Lowell has been rather too fond of epigram for his fame as a singer for all time, but he embalms much of the spirit of his age, and he has given fresh and most inspiring expression to the spiritual side of the great national struggle in which he played a noble and helpful part.





"QUEEN OF THE THAMES."

BY TOM TAYLOR.



## THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

## CHAPTER XI.

OF ISRAEL'S HOME-COMING.

Israel's return home was an experience at all points the reverse of his going abroad. He had seven dollars in the pocket of his waistband on setting away from Fez, out of the three hundred and more with which he had started from Tetuan. His men had gone on before him and told their story. So the people whom he came upon by the way either ignored him or jeered at him, and not one that on his coming had run to do him honour now stepped aside that he might pass. Nevertheless, his heart was light, and he sang as he walked, "Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good," and "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and "Surely I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of its mother; my soul is even as a weaned child." Such were the glad songs of Zion that Israel sang to himself as he toiled along under the burning sun, and never a woeful one did he sing now such as he had sung before.

Two days after leaving Fez he came again to Wazan. Women were going home from market by the side of their camels, and charcoal-burners were riding back to the country on the empty burdas of their mules. It was nigh upon sunset when Israel entered the town, and so exactly was everything the same that he could almost have tricked himself and believed that scarce two minutes had passed since he had left it. There at the fountains were the water-carriers waiting with their water-skins, and there in the market-place sat the women and children with their dishes of kuskusso; there were the men by the booths with their pipes ready charged with keef, and there was the mueddin in the minaret, horn in hand, looking out over the plain. Everything was the same save one thing, and that concerned Israel himself. No Grand Shereef stood waiting for him to exchange horses with him, and no black guard led him through the town. Footsore and dirty, covered with dust, and tired, he walked through the streets alone. And when presently the trumpet rang out overhead, and the breathless town broke instantly into bubbles of sounds—the tinkling of the bells of the water-carriers, the shouts of the children, and the calls of the men—only one man seemed to see him and know him. This was an Arab, wearing scarcely enough rags to cover his nakedness, who was bathing his hot cheeks in water which a water-carrier was pouring into his hands, and he lifted his glistening face as Israel passed, and called him "Dog!" and "Jew!" and commanded him to uncover his feet.

Israel slept that night in one of the three squalid fondaks of Wazan inhabited by the Jews. His room was a sort of narrow box, in a square court of many such boxes, with a handful of straw shaken over the earth floor for a bed. On the doorpost the figure of a hand was painted in red, and over the lintel there was a rude drawing of a scorpion, with an imprecation written under it that purported to be from the mouth of the Prophet Joshua, son of Nun. If the charm kept evil spirits from the place of Israel's rest, it did not banish good ones. Israel slept in that poor bed as he had never slept under the purple canopy of his own chamber, and all night long one angel form seemed to hover over him. It was Naomi. He could see her clearly. They were together in a little cottage somewhere. The house was a mean one; but jasmine and marjoram and pinks and roses grew outside of it, and love grew inside. And Naomi! How bright were her eyes, for they could see! Yes, and her ears could hear, and her tongue could speak!

Two days after Israel left Wazan he was back in the bashalic of Tetuan. Each night he had dreamt the same dream, and though he knew each morning when he awoke with a sigh that his dream was only a reflection of his dead wife's vision, yet he could not help but think of it the long day through. He tried to remember if he had ever seen the cottage with his waking eyes, and where he had seen it, and to recall the voice of Naomi as he had heard it in his dream, that he might know if it was the same as he used to think he heard when he sat by her in his stolen watches of the night while she lay asleep. Sometimes when he reflected he thought he must be growing childish, so foolish was his joy in looking forward to the night—for he had almost grown in love with it—that he might dream his dream again.

But it was a dear, delicious folly, for it helped him to bear the troubles of his journey, and they were neither light nor few. After passing through Alcazar he had been robbed and stripped both of his small remaining moneys and the better part of his clothes by a gang of ruffians who had followed him out of the town. Then a good woman—the old wife turned into the servant of a Moor who had married a young one—had taken pity on his condition and given him a disused Moorish jellab. His misfortune had not been without its advantage. Being forced to travel the rest of his way home in the disguise of a Moor, he had heard himself discussed by his own people when they knew nothing of his presence. Every evil that had befallen them had been attributed to him. Benaboo, their Basha, was a good humane man, who was often driven to do that which his soul abhorred. It was Israel ben Ollel who was their cruel taxmaster.

When Israel was within a day's journey of Tetuan, a terrible scourge fell upon the country. A plague of locusts came up like a dense cloud from the direction of the sea and ate up every leaf and blade of grass that the scorching sun had left green, so that the plain over which it had passed was as black and barren as a lava stream. The farmers were impoverished, and the poorer people made beggars. Even this last disaster they charged in their despair to Israel, for Allah was now cursing them for Israel's sake. They were the same people that had thrust their presents upon him when he was setting out.

At the lonesome hut of the old woman who had offered him a bowl of buttermilk, Israel rested and asked for a drink of water. She gave him a dish of zummata—barley roasted like coffee—and inquired if he was going on to Tetuan. He told her yes, and she asked if his home was there. And when he answered that it was, she looked at him again, and said in a moving way, "Then Allah help you, brother."

"Why me more than another, sister?" said Israel.

"Because it is plain to see that you are a poor man," said the old woman. "And that is the sort he is hardest upon."

Israel faltered and said, "He? Who, mother? Ah, you mean?"

"Who else but Israel, the Jew?" said she, and then added, as by a sudden afterthought, "But they say he is gone at last, and the Sultan has stripped him. Well, Allah send us someone else soon to set right this poor Barbary of ours! And what a man for poor men he might have been—so wise and powerful!"

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Israel made one loud cry like the cry of a beast that is slaughtered, and fled out of the hut.

Israel listened with his head bent down, and, like a moth at the flame, he could not help but play with the fire that scorched him. "They tell me," he said, "that Allah has cursed him with a daughter that has devils."

"Blind and dumb, poor soul!" said the old woman. "But Allah has pity for the afflicted—He is taking her away."

Israel rose. "Away?"

"She is ill since her father went to Fez."

"Ill?"

"Yes, I heard so, yesterday—dying."

Israel made one loud cry like the cry of a beast that is slaughtered, and fled out of the hut. Oh, fool of fools, why had he been dallying with dreams—bidding and cooing with his own fancies—fondling and nuzzling and coddling them? Let all dreams henceforth be dead and damned for ever; for only devils out of hell had made them that poor men's souls might be staked and lost! Oh, why had he not remembered the pale face of Naomi when he left her, and the silence of her tongue that had used to laugh? Fool, fool! Why had he ever left her at all?

With such thoughts Israel hurried along, sometimes running at his utmost velocity, and then stopping dead short; sometimes shouting his imprecations at the pitch of his voice and beating his fist against the sharp aloes until it bled, and then whispering to himself in awe.

Would God not hear his prayer? God knew the child was very near and dear to him, and also that he was a lonely man. "Have pity on a lonely man, O God!" he whispered. "Let me keep my child; take all else that I have, everything, no matter what! Only let me keep her—yes, just as she is, let me have her still! Time was when I asked more of you, but now I am humble, and ask that alone."

On his knees in a lonesome place, with the fierce sun beating down on his uncovered head, amid the blackened leaves left by the locust, he prayed this prayer, and then rose to his feet and ran.

When he got to Tetuan the white city was glistening under the setting sun. Then he thought of his Moorish jellab, and looked at himself, and saw that he was returning home like a beggar; and he remembered with what splendour he had started out. Should he wait for the darkness, and creep into his house under the cover of it? If the thought had occurred an hour before he must have scouted it. Better to brave the looks of every face in Tetuan than be kept back one minute

from Naomi. But now that he was so near he was afraid to go in; and now that he was so soon to learn the truth he dreaded to hear it. So he walked to and fro on the heath outside the town, paltering with himself, struggling with himself, eating out his heart with eagerness, trying to believe that he was waiting for the night.

The night came at length, and, under a deep-blue sky fast whitening with thick stars, Israel passed unknown through the Moorish gate, which was still open, and down the narrow lane to the market square. At the gate of the Mellah, which was closed, he knocked, and demanded entrance in the name of the Kaid. The Moorish guards who kept it fell back at sight of him with looks of consternation.

"Israel!" cried one, and dropped his lantern.

Israel whispered, "Keep your tongue between your teeth!" and hurried on.

At the door of his own house, which was also closed, he knocked again, but more fearfully. The black woman Habeebah opened it cautiously, and, seeing his jellab, she clashed it back in his face.

"Habeebah!" he cried, and he knocked once more.

Then Ali came to the door. "What Moorish man are you?" cried Ali, pushing him back as he pressed forward.

"Ali! Hush! It is I—Israel."

Then Ali knew him and cried, "God save us! What has happened?"

"What has happened here?" said Israel. "Naomi," he faltered, "what of her?"

"Then you have heard?" said Ali. "Thank God she is now well!"

Israel laughed—his laugh was like a scream.

"More than that—a strange thing has befallen her since you went away," said Ali.

"What?"

"She can hear."

"It's a lie!" cried Israel, and he raised his hand and struck Ali to the floor. But at the next minute he was lifting him up and sobbing and saying, "Forgive me, my brave boy. I was mad, my son; I did not know what I was doing. But do not torture me. If what you tell me is true, there is no man so happy under heaven; but if it is false, there is no fiend in hell need envy me."

And answered through his tears, "It is true, my father—come and see."



## CHAPTER XII.

## OF THE BAPTISM OF SOUND.

What had happened at Israel's house during Israel's absence is a story that may be quickly told. On the day of his departure Naomi wandered from room to room, seeming to seek for what she could not find, and in the evening the black women came upon her in the upper chamber wherein her father had read to her at sunset, and she was kneeling by his chair and the book was in her hands.

On the day following she stole out of the house into the town and made her way to the Kasba, and Ali found her in the apartments of the wife of the Basha, who had lit upon her as she seemed to ramble aimlessly through the courtyard from the Treasury to the Hall of Justice, and from there to the gate of the prison.

The next day after that she did not attempt to go abroad, and neither did she wander through the house, but sat in the same seat constantly, and seemed to be waiting patiently. She was pale and quiet and silent; she did not laugh according to her wont, and she had a look of submission that was very touching to see.

On the morning of the day following that, her quiet had given place to restlessness, and her pallor to a burning flush of the face. Her hands were hot, her head was feverish, and her blind eyes were bloodshot.

It was now plain that the girl was ill, and that Israel's fears on setting out from home had been right after all. And making his own reckoning with Naomi's condition, Ali went off for the only doctor in Tetuan—a Spanish druggist living in the walled lane leading to the western gate. This good man came to look at Naomi, felt her pulse, touched her throbbing forehead, with difficulty examined her tongue, and pronounced her illness to be fever. He gave some homely directions as to her treatment—for he despaired of administering drugs to such a one as she was—and promised to return the next day.

About the middle of that night Naomi became delirious. Fatima stood constantly by her bed, bathing her hot forehead with vinegar and water; Habeebah slept in a chair at her feet; and Ali crouched in a corner outside the door of her room.

The druggist came in the morning, according to his promise; but there was nothing to be done, so he looked wise, wagged his head very solemnly, and said he would come again after two days more, when the fever must be near to its height, and bring a famous leech out of Tangier along with him.

Meantime, Naomi's delirium continued. It was gentle as her own spirit, but there was this that was strange and eerie about her unconsciousness—that whereas she had been dumb while her mind in its dark cell must have been mistress of itself and of her soul, she spoke without ceasing throughout the time of her reason's vanquishment. Not that her poor tongue in its trouble uttered speech such as those that heard could follow and understand, but only a restless babble of empty sounds, yet with tones of varying feeling, sometimes of gladness, sometimes of sorrow, sometimes of remonstrance, and sometimes of entreaty.

All that night and the next night also the two black women sat together by her bedside, holding each other's hands like little children in great fear. Also Ali crouched again like a dog in the darkness outside the door, listening in terror to the silvery young voice that had never echoed in that house before. This was the night when Israel, sleeping at the squalid inn of the Jews at Wazan, was hearing Naomi's voice in his dreams.

At the first glint of daylight in the morning the lad was up and gone, and away through the town-gate to the heath beyond, as far as to the fondak which stands on the hill above it, that he might strain his wet eyes in the pitiless sunlight for Israel's caravan that should soon come. On the first morning he saw nothing, but on the second morning he came upon Israel's men returning without him, and telling their lying story that he had been stripped of everything by the Sultan at Fez, and was coming behind them penniless. Now, Israel was to Ali the greatest, noblest, mightiest man among men. That he should fall was incredible, and that any man should say he had fallen was an affront and an outrage. So, stripling as he was, the lad faced the rascals with the courage of a lion. They were liars and thieves, they were villains; let them tell that story to another soul in Tetuan, and he would go straight to the Kaid at the Kasba, and have every black dog of them all whipped through the streets for plundering his master!

The men shouted in derision and passed on, firing their matchlocks as a mock salute. But Ali had his will of them; they told their tale no more, and when they entered Tetuan, and their fellows questioned them concerning their journey, they took refuge in the reticence that sits by right of nature on the tongues of Moors, and they said and knew nothing.

While Ali was on the heath looking out for Israel, the doctor out of Tangier came to Naomi. The girl was still unconscious, and the wise leech shook his head over her. Her case was hopeless; she was sinking—in plain words, she was dying, and if her father did not come before the morrow he would come too late to find her alive.

Then the black women fell to weeping and wailing, and after that to spiritual conflict. Both were born in Islam, but Fatima had long ago become a Jewess by persuasion of her mistress, who was dead. She was, therefore, for sending for the Rabbi. But Habeebah had remained a Moslem, and she was for calling the Mufti. The Mufti was good, the Mufti was holy; who so good and holy as the Mufti? Nay, but their lord held not with the Mufti, for their lord was a Jew, and their lord was their master, their lord was a sultan, their lord was their king. Shoof! What was their lord against paradise, and paradise was to her who made a follower of Muza into a follower of Mohammed? Let but the child die with the Kalma on her lips, and they were all three blest for ever—otherwise, they would burn everlastingly in the fires of Jehinnim! But, alack! how could the poor girl say the

Kalma, being as dumb as the grave? Then how could she say the Shemang either?

Having heard the verdict of the doctor, Ali returned in hot haste, and silenced both the bondwomen. The Mufti was a villain, and the Rabbi was a thief; there was only one good man left in Tetuan, and that was his own Taleb, his school-master, the same that had taught him the harp in the days of the Governor's marriage. This person was an old negro, bewrinkled by years, becrippled by ague, once stone deaf, and still partially so, half blind, and reputed to be only half wise, a liberated slave from the Sahara, just able to read the Koran and the Torah, and willing to teach either impartially, according to his knowledge, for he was neither a Jew nor a Moslem, but a little of both, as he used to say, and not too much of either. For such a hybrid in a land of intolerance there must have been no place save the dungeons of the Kasba, but that this good nondescript was a privileged pet of everybody. In his dark cellar down an alley by the side of the Grand Mosque in the market-place he had sat from early morning until sunset year in, year out, through thirty years, on his rush-covered floor, among successive generations of his boys,

wrapped up in her. She was his only child, and his wife was dead, and he was a lonely man. He was away from his home now, and if, when he returned, the girl was gone and lost—if she were dead and buried—his strong heart would be broken and his very soul in peril.

It was a touching spectacle—the dumb angel of white and crimson turning and tossing on the bed in an aureole of her streaming yellow hair, and the four black faces about her, eager and hot and aflame, with closed eyelids and open lips, calling down mercy out of heaven from the God that might be seen by the soul alone.

And so it was, but whether by chance or Providence let no man dare to tell, that even while the four black people were yet on their knees by the bed, the turning and tossing of the white face stopped suddenly, and Naomi lay still on her pillow. The hot flush faded from her cheeks; her features, which had twitched, were quiet; and her hands, which had been restless, lay at peace on the counterpane.

The good old Taleb took this for an answer to his prayer, and he shouted "Hallelujah!" while the big drops coursed down the deep furrows of his steaming face. And then, as if to complete the miracle, and to establish the old man's faith in it, a strange and wondrous thing befell. First, a thin watery humor flowed from one of Naomi's ears, and after that she raised herself on her elbow. Her eyes were open as if they saw; her lips were parted as though they were breaking into a smile; she made a long sigh like one who has slept softly through the night and has just awakened in the morning.

Then, while the black people held their breath in their first moment of surprise and gladness, her parted lips gave forth a sound. It was a laugh—a faint, broken, bankrupt echo of her old happy laughter. And then instantly, almost before the others had heard the sound, and while the notes of it were yet coming from her tongue, she lifted her idle hand and covered her ear, and over her face there passed a look of dread.

So swift had this change been that the bondwomen had not seen it, and they were shouting "Hallelujah!" with one voice, thinking only that she who had been dead to them was alive again. But the old Taleb cried eagerly, "Hush! my children, hush! What is coming is a marvellous thing! I know what it is—who knows so well as I? Once I was deaf, my children, but now I hear. Listen! The maiden has had fever—fever of the brain. Listen! A watery humor had gathered in her head. It has gone; it has flowed away. Now she will hear. Listen, for it is I that know it—who knows it so well as I? Yes; she will be no longer deaf. Her ears will be opened. She will hear. Once she was living in a land of silence; now she is coming into the land of sound. Blessed be God, for He has wrought this wondrous work. God is great! God is mighty! Praise the merciful God for ever! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

And strange and marvellous and passing belief as the old Taleb's story seemed to be, it appeared to be coming to pass, for even while he spoke, beginning in a slow whisper and going on with quicker and louder breath, Naomi turned her face full upon him; and when the black women, in their ready faith, joined in his shouts of praise, she turned her face towards them also; and wheresoever a voice was made in the room she inclined her head towards it anxiously as one who heard, and also as one who was in fear of the sounds which assailed her.

But, seeing nothing of her look of pain, and knowing nothing but one thing only, and that was the wondrous and mighty change that she who had been deaf could now hear, that she who had never before heard speech now heard their voices as they spoke around her, Ali, in his frantic delight, laughing and crying together, his white teeth aglitter, and his round black face shining with tears, began to shout and to sing, and to dance around the bed in wild joy at the miracle which God had wrought in answer to his old Taleb's prayer. No heed did he pay to the Taleb's cries of warning, but danced on and on, and neither did the bondwomen see the old man's uplifted arms or his big lips pursed out in hushes, so overpowered were they with their delight, so startled and so joy-drunken. But over their tumult there came a wild outburst of piercing shrieks. They were the cries of Naomi in her blind and sudden terror at the first sound that had reached her of human voices. Her face was blanched, her eyelids were trembling, her lips were restless, her nostrils quivered, her whole being seemed to be overcome by a vertigo of dread, and, in the horrible disarray of all her sensations, her brain, on its awakening from its dolorous sleep of three delirious days, was tottering and reeling at its welcome in this world of noise.

Then Ali ended suddenly his frantic dance, the bondwomen held their peace in an instant, and blank silence in the chamber followed the clamour of tongues.

It was at this great moment that Israel, returning from his journey in the jellab of a Moor, knocked like a stranger at his outer door. When he entered the chamber, still clad as a torn and ragged man, too eager to remove the sorry garments which had been given to him on the way, Naomi was resting against the pillar of the bed. He saw that her countenance was changed, and that every feature of her face seemed to listen. No longer was it as the face of a lamb that is simple and content, neither was it as the face of a child that is peaceful and happy; but it was hot, and perplexed. Fear sat on her face, and wonder and questioning; and as Fatima stood by her side, speaking tender words to comfort her, no cheer did she seem to get from them, but only dread, for she drew away from her when she spoke, as though the sound of the voice smote her ears with terror of trouble. All this Israel saw on the instant, and then his sight grew dim, his heart beat as if it would kill him, a thick mist seemed to cover everything, and through the dense waves of semiconsciousness he heard the dull hum of Fatima's muffled voice coming to him as from far away.

"My pretty Naomi! My little heart! My sweet jewel of gold and silver! It is nothing! Nothing! Look! See! Her father has come back! Her dear father has come back to her!"



On his knees in a lonesome place, with the fierce sun beating down on his uncovered head, amid the blackened leaves left by the locust, he prayed.

and as often as night fell he had gone hither and thither among the sick and dying, carrying comfort of kind words, and often meat and drink of his meagre substance.

Such was Ali's hero after Israel, and now in Israel's absence and his own great trouble, he hid away for him.

"Father," cried the lad, "does it not say in the good book that the prayer of a righteous man availeth much?"

"It does, my son," said the Taleb. "What then?"

"Then if you will pray for Naomi she will recover," said Ali.

It was a sweet instance of simple faith. The old black Taleb dismissed his scholars, closed down his shutter, locked it with a padlock, hobbled to Naomi's bedside in his tattered white soolham, looked down at her through the big spectacles that sprawled over his broad black nose, and then, while a dim mist floated between the spectacles and his eyes, and a great lump rose at his throat to choke him, he fell to the floor and prayed, and Ali and the black women knelt beside him.

The negro's prayer was simple to childlikeness. It told God everything, it recited the facts to the heavenly Father as to one who was far away and might not know. The maiden was sick unto death. She had been three days and nights knowing no one, and eating and drinking nothing. She was blind and dumb and deaf. Her father loved her and was



Presently the room ceased to go round and round, and Israel knew that Naomi's arms surrounded him, that his own arms enlaced her, and that her head was pressed hard against his bosom. Yes, it was she! It was Naomi! Ali had told him truth. She lived! She was well! She had ears to hear! The old hope that had chirped in his soul was justified, and the dear delicious dream was come true. Oh! God was great, God was good, God had given him more than he had asked or deserved!

Thus for some minutes he stood motionless, blessing the God of David, yet uttering no words, for his heart was too full for speech, only holding Naomi closely to him, while his tears fell on her blind face. And the black people in the chamber wept to see it, that not more dumb in that great hour of gladness was she who was born so than he to whose house had come the wonderful work that God had wrought.

No heed had Israel given yet to the bodeful signs in Naomi's face, in joy over such as were joyful. When he had taken her in his arms, she had known him, and she had clung to him in her glad surprise. But when she continued to lie on his bosom, it was not only because he was her father and she loved him, and because he had been lost to her and was found; it was also because he alone was silent of all them that were about her.

When he saw this, his heart was humbled, but he understood her fears, that coming out of a land of great silence, where the voice of man was never heard, where the air was songless as the air of dreams and dawning as the air of a tomb, her soul misgave her, and her spirit trembled in a new world of strange sounds. For what was the ear but a little dark chamber, a vault, a dungeon in a castle, wherein the soul was ever passing to and fro, asking for news of the world without? Through seventeen dark and silent years the soul of Naomi had been passing and re-passing within its beautiful tabernacle of flesh, crying daily and hourly, "Watchman, what of the world?" At length it had found an answer, and it was terrified. The world had spoken to her soul, and its voice was like the reverberations of a subterranean cavern, strange and deep and awful.

In that first moment of Israel's consciousness after he entered the room all four black folk seemed to be speaking together.

Ali was saying, "Father, those dogs and thieves of tent-men and muleteers returned yesterday, and said"—

And the bond-women were crying, "My Lord, you were right when you went away!" "Yes, the dear child was ill!" "Oh, how she missed you when you were gone!" "She has been delirious, and the doctor, the son of Tetuan"—

And the old Taleb was muttering, "Master, it is all by God's mercy. We prayed for the life of the maiden, and lo! He has given us this gateway to her spirit as well."

Then Israel saw that as their voices entered the dark vault of Naomi's ears they startled and distressed her. So, to pacify her, he motioned them out of the chamber. They went away without a word. The reason of Naomi's fears began to dawn upon them. An awe seemed to be cast over her by the solemnity of that great moment. It was like to the birth-moment of a soul.

And when the black people were gone from the room, Israel closed the door of it that he might shut out the noises of the streets, for women were calling to their children without, and the children were still shouting in their play. This being done, he returned to Naomi, and rested her head against his bosom and soothed her with his hand, and she put her arms about his neck and clung to him. And while he did so his heart yearned to speak to her, and to see by her face that she could hear. Let it be but one word, only one, that she might know her father's voice—for she had never once heard it—and answer it with a smile.

"Daughter! My dearest! My darling!"

Only this, nothing more! Only one sweet word of all the unspoken tenderness which, like a river without any outlet, had been seventeen years dammed up in his breast. But no, it could not be. He must not speak lest her face should frown and her arms be drawn away. To see that would break his heart. Nevertheless, he wrestled with the temptation. It was terrible. He dared not risk it. So he sat on the bed in silence, hardly moving, scarcely breathing—a dust-laden man in a ragged jellab, holding Naomi in his arms.

It was still the month of Ramadhan, and the sun was but three hours set. In the fondak called El Nssa, a group of the town Moors, who had fasted through the day, were feasting and carousing. Over the walls of the Mellah, from the direction of the Spanish inn at the entrance to the little tortuous quarter of the shoemakers, there came at intervals a hubbub of voices, and occasionally wild shouts and cries. The day was Wednesday, the market-day of Tetuan, and on

the open space called the feddan many fires were lighted at the mouths of tents, and men and women and children—country Arabs and Berbers—were squatting around the charcoal embers, eating and drinking and talking and laughing, while the ruddy glow lit up their swarthy faces in the darkness. But presently the wing of night fell over both Moorish town and Mellah; the traffic of the streets came to an end: the "Bálak" of the ass-driver was no more heard, the slipper of the Jew sounded but rarely on the pavement, the fires on the feddan died out, the hubbub of the fondak and the wild shouts of the shoemakers' quarter were hushed, and quieter and more quiet grew the air until all was still.

At the coming of peace Naomi's fears seemed to abate. Her clinging arms released their hold of her father's neck, and with a trembling sigh she dropped back on to the pillow. And in this hour of stillness she would have slept; but even while Israel was lifting up his heart in thankfulness to God that He was making the way of her great journey easy out of the land of silence into the land of speech a storm broke over the town. Through many hot days preceding it had been gathering in the air, which had the echoing hollowness of a vault. It was loud and long and terrible. First, from the direction of Marteel, over the four miles which divide Tetuan from the coast, came the warning which the sea sends before trouble comes to the land—a deep moan as of waters falling from the sky. Next came the moan of the wind down the valley that opens on the gate called the Bab el Marsa, and along the river that flows to the port. Then came the roll of thunder, like a million cannon, down the gorges of the Rif mountains and across the plain that stretches far away to Kitan. Last of all, the black clouds of the sky emptied them-

not at once to realise it, so sudden and so numbing was the stroke. He began to know that with the mighty blessing for which he had hoped and prayed—the blessing of a pathway to his daughter's soul—a misfortune had come as well. What was it to him now that Naomi had ears to hear if she could not understand? And what was this tempest to the maiden new-born out of the land of silence into the world of sound, yet still both blind and dumb, but a circle of darkness alive with creatures that groaned and cried and shrieked and moved around her?

Thus nothing could Israel do but watch the creeping of Naomi's terror, and smooth her forehead and chafe her hands. And this he did, until at length, in a fresh outbreak of the storm, when the vault of the heavens seemed rent asunder, a strong delirium took hold of her, and she fell to a long unconsciousness. Then Israel held back his heart no longer, but wept above her, and called to her, and cried aloud upon her name—

"Naomi! Naomi! My poor child! My dearest! Hear me! It is nothing! nothing! Listen! It is gone! Gone!"

With such passionate cries of love and sorrow, Israel gave vent to his soul in its trouble. And while Naomi lay in her unconsciousness, he knew not what feelings possessed him, for his heart was in a great turmoil. Desolate! desolate! All was desolate! His high-built hopes were in ashes!

Sometimes he remembered the days when the child knew not sorrow and grief came not near her, when she was brighter than the sun which she could not see and sweeter than the songs which she could not hear, when she was joyous as a bird in its narrow cage and fretted not at the bars which bound her, when she laughed as she braided her hair and came dancing out of her chamber at dawn.

And, remembering this, he looked down at her knitted face, and his heart grew bitter, and he lifted up his voice through the tumult of the storm, and cried again on the God of David, and rebuked Him for the marvellous work which He had wrought.

If God were an almighty God surely He looked before and after, and foresaw what must come to pass. And, foreseeing and knowing all, why had God answered his prayer? He himself had been a fool. Why had he craved God's pity? Once his poor child was blither than the panther of the wilderness and happier than the young lamb that sports in spring-time. If she was blind, she knew not what it was to see; and if she was deaf, she knew not what it was to hear; and if she was dumb, she knew not what it was to speak. Nothing did she miss of sight or sound or speech any more than of the wings of the eagle or the dove. Yet he would not be content; he would not be appeased. Oh! subtlety of the devil which had brought this evil upon him!

But the God whom Israel in his agony and his madness rebuked in this manner sent His angel to make a great silence, and the storm lapsed to

a breathless quiet. And when the tempest was gone, Naomi's delirium passed away. She seemed to look, and nothing could she see; and then to listen, and nothing could she hear; and then she clasped the hand of her father that lay over her hand, and sighed and sank down again.

"Ah!"

It was even as if peace had come to her with the thought that she was back in the land of great silence once again, and that the voices which had startled her, and the storm which had terrified her, had been nothing but an evil dream.

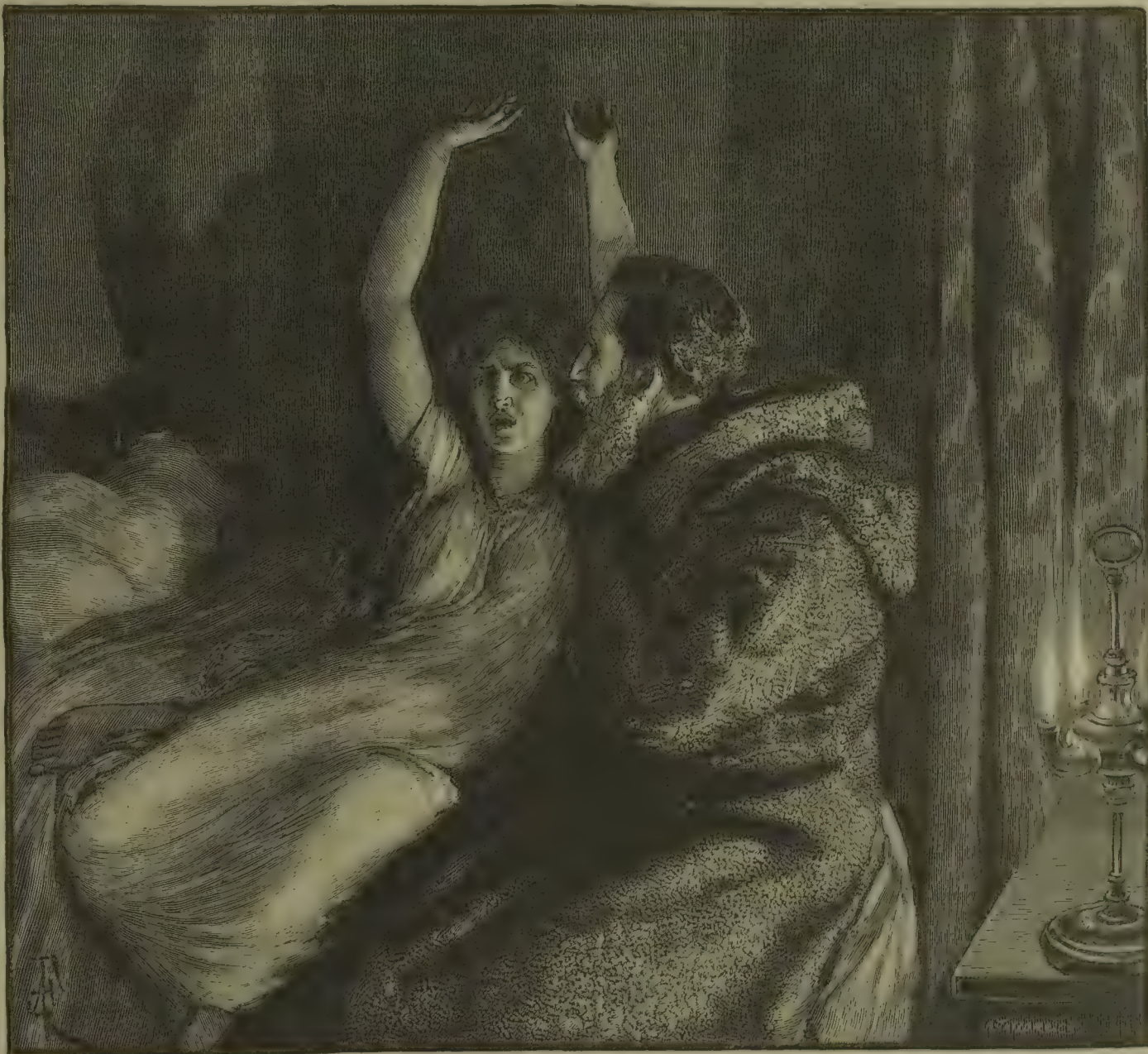
In that sweet respite she fell asleep, and Israel forgot the reproaches with which he had reproached his God, and looked tenderly down at her, and said within himself: "It was her baptism. Now she will walk the world with confidence, and never again will she be afraid. Truly the Lord our God is king over all kingdoms and wise beyond all wisdom!"

Then, with one look backward at Naomi where she slept, he crept out of the room on tiptoe.

(To be continued.)

The statue of the Queen, subscribed for by the inhabitants of Malta as a memorial of her Majesty's Jubilee, has been unveiled by Lady Smyth, wife of the Governor. The ceremony was attended by a large concourse of people, who displayed great loyalty and enthusiasm. A royal salute was fired as the cloths with which the statue was veiled were withdrawn.

Lord Tennyson, on the occasion of his eighty-second birthday, on Aug. 6, received a large number of congratulatory messages and visits. Among those who called at Aldwarth House was the Bishop of Ripon, who spent some time in the summer-house and lunched with the poet and his family. He was followed later in the morning by the Dean of Westminster. Lord Tennyson is in excellent health. Aug. 6 was also the birthday of the Duke of Edinburgh, who was born in 1844, and is thus forty-seven years of age.



Israel returned to Naomi, and rested her head against his bosom and soothed her with his hand.





CATHEDRAL PEAKS, LAKE MANAPOURI.



RISAN COVE, WITH THE LION AND PEMBROKE GLACIER, MILFORD SOUND.

SCENERY OF WESTERN OTAGO, IN THE MIDDLE ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND.





"A DUTCH GIRL."—BY HUGO KÖNIG.



## NEW ZEALAND'S LATEST PLEASURE GROUND.

New Zealand has long been the happy hunting-ground for the thorough-going tourist. At first, the Pink and the White Terraces in the North Island were the chief attraction, and a real loss to New Zealand and to the world generally has been their untimely and complete destruction. But while going towards those unique wonders, or returning from them, the lover of natural scenery has found in the mountains, lakes, and rivers of New Zealand very much to allure and delight him. He has admired the bold, rugged slopes of Tongariro, at the head of Lake Taupo, it may have been when its tree-shaped cloud of curling smoke reminded him of Etna, nearer home. He has been fascinated with the graceful outline of Mount Egmont (the Sugar Loaf), rising like a guardian angel over the surrounding plain. Or it may be that he has stood at the foot of Lake Pukaki, at the head of which he has seen the roof-like mass of Mount Cook towering grandly over the neighbouring peaks, with the sky beyond, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," truly realising the meaning of its native (Maori) name—Aorangi—the cloud-piercer. The lakes, too, in particular those in the Otago district, may have often enchained him with their varied and bewitching loveliness. And if the Britain in the South is rich in lake and mountain views, it is, if anything, richer still in river scenery. The banks of the Wanganui River, especially its upper reaches; the vistas down the Buller River from a point near its junction with the Inangahua; and the magnificent sweep of the Waiau as it rolls from Lake Te Anau to Lake Manapouri, are some glimpses of natural beauty than which there is, perhaps, nothing finer in any other part of the world.

But most of these scenes are getting to be as well known as the Trossachs or the Engadine. There is no need to dwell longer on them, nor to refer to many others which either equal or surpass them. And if reference is made to the wonderful series of fiords—called the West Coast Sounds—which stretch upward and inward from Preservation Inlet to Milford Sound, it is only to form a point of departure for the new recreation-field which has lately been thrown open to the pleasure-seeker, and which it is the object of this article to describe.

"The Sounds" lie on the *seaboard* of the south-west coast. South Island. They are enormous fissures, mostly V-shaped, up which the sea runs, and out of which mountain masses rise in sheer rugged grandeur, the tops of some of them being covered with perpetual snow. On the *inward* side of these sounds, and parallel with them, lie Lakes Manapouri and Te Anau. It is these lakes, together with the Clinton Valley and the Arthur Valley, in which are the Sutherland Falls; it is here we have the new delightful pleasure-ground, facilities for traversing which have just been provided by the New Zealand Government. It is now for the first time possible to combine the old trip of the Sounds with this new one of the Lower Lakes of Otago. Arrived from the Bluff in the usual way, by the steamer at Milford Sound, the tourist can thence tramp up the Arthur Valley to the Sutherland Falls, thence, after scaling the McKinnon Pass, he can descend the Valley of the Clinton, and by arrangement he can thence be conveyed by steamer or whale-boat down Lake Te Anau (sixty miles), thence by trap to Lake Manapouri, and then by coach to Lumsden, from which place the train takes him either to Lake Wakatipu and Mount Cook, or back again to the Bluff.

Suppose, now, the traveller reverses this order. Reaching Lumsden by train, he takes the coach for Lake Te Anau (fifty miles), which he reaches late the same day. Next morning he walks or drives eight miles to Lake Manapouri, ascending View Hill—his splendid cogn of vantage. Before him lies the mass of silvery water, the surface broken here and there by five beautiful islets covered with the densest evergreen forest; behind these rise the dark-green mountain-sides; beyond and above these again soar the glistening peaks of the eternal snow. Beach and water, island and forest, snow and sky blend together, and, seen through the delicate haze of a New Zealand atmosphere, how exquisite the scene is! how charming a page it is in the "manuscript of the Almighty"!

The lakes of New Zealand have each its own specialty, and, if Manapouri is beautiful, Te Anau is grand. For some ten miles up this lake the mountains stand on the left or seaward side only. On that side also are seen three large arms of the lake, known as the South, the Middle, and the North Fiords. These arms are very long and narrow, and run seaward till they nearly meet the Sounds on the coast. The views down these vistas are fine in the extreme, delighting artist and tourist alike. On nearing the head of the lake, Mount Eglington rises on the right, and from this the eye sweeps round on the left, taking in Mount Largs, Mount Skelmorlie, and Mount Anau. This amphitheatre of mountains is simply majestic. From the water's edge up to the snow-line there is the usual dense dark forest clothing the shoulders of the mountains; the ridges and ledges above are fissured with gaping chasms; the upper gullies sparkle with the rushing water, and on the highest cones and peaks lies the ever-welcome snow, relieved by the ethereal blue. The traveller must be hard to please indeed if these huge rock masses, running sheer up from the placid water, do not fill him with pure wonder and keen delight. In such a place, Whittier's words, spoken of Lake Kenoza, come in with singular fitness—

O'er no sweeter lakes  
Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail;  
No fairer face than theirs shall take  
The sunset's golden veil.  
Long be it ere the tide of trade  
Shall break with harsh, resounding din  
The quiet of their banks of shade  
And hills that fold them in.

It may be unwise to compare the valley of the Clinton with the Yosemite, for each scene in Nature has its own special features, and therefore its special charms. There is much, however, in the scenery of the Clinton which is very much like that of the American valley. It is an enormous dip or cleft in a lofty mountain range. It gradually narrows towards the McKinnon Pass. All along the track, foaming torrent, darkling forest, soaring mountain, and the witchery of the soft blue sky meet and mingle. Here, as to Wordsworth elsewhere—

The tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms become to us  
An appetite: a feeling and a love  
That have no need of a remoter charm.

From the top of the pass, given fine weather, the summits of Mount Hart and Castle Rock, the piercing spire-like form of Mount Balloon, and the panorama spread out below in the valley of the Clinton or in that of the Arthur at once arrest and enchain the beholder.

Our illustrations of the scenery of Lake Manapouri and Milford Sound are from photographs by Messrs. Burton Brothers, of Dunedin, New Zealand. T. FLAVELL

## LITERATURE.

## THE TALLEYRAND MEMOIRS.

BY JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, M.P.

Truly the Talleyrand bubble has burst! For more than half a century men have waited, keenly curious, for the publication of the memoirs which Talleyrand was known to have written. But when at last they did appear, or at least the first instalment of them, in the early part of this year, lo and behold! they were hardly worth waiting a week for—hardly worth the paper they were printed on; honest paper, that might have helped to make an honest book! Anything more commonplace, more inane and inept, than the bulk of the matter which made up the first two volumes\* it was difficult to conceive. But the latest volume, the third, is even more pitiable than its predecessors. Where, the bewildered student asks himself as he toils across these arid tomes—where are the secrets that were to be made known? where is the light that was to shine upon obscurity? where even are those pages too scandalous or too malicious or too merciless to be published while there was any chance of any of the persons concerned being alive to be offended? The portrait of the Duke of Orleans, in the first volume, is the one solitary thing which at all approaches to what general expectation had imagined that the memoirs would be. But, though it is a stern, even a savage indictment, it adds nothing to our knowledge of Philip Equality. It would be hard indeed for any document to make Philip Equality's character show much blacker than it has already been painted by historian after historian. The Talleyrand attack is as fierce as the fiercest stroke that historians of the French Revolution have struck at Orleans; but it was not worth waiting half a century for, and it is the best thing in the arid extent of the three volumes.

It may be, indeed, that, as has been vigorously contended of late, these so-called memoirs are not authentic. M. Aulard, one of the best of living authorities on the French Revolution, has boldly impugned their truth; his attacks, ably seconded by others, who seem to speak with authority, have been but feebly answered by the Duke de Broglie. Nobody, of course, doubts the Duke de Broglie's good faith; but it



L'abbé de perigord.

does look uncommonly as if he had been imposed upon. If this be so—and the thing will be hard to prove either way—then so much the more is the Talleyrand bubble burst. For, if there were genuine memoirs, they have doubtless vanished for ever, only to be found by some Astolfo reaching on his winged steed that moon to which, according to Ariosto, all the treasures lost on earth are carried. If these papers which the Duke de Broglie has given to the world are not the real Talleyrand memoirs, then good-bye, no doubt, to all hope of ever seeing the true text published. If they are the real Talleyrand memoirs, then they are the dullest disappointment over which scholars and students ever yawned, and their tardy publication takes something of the air of a tedious practical joke.

Certainly, the quarrel as it stands is a very pretty quarrel. The only way, as it would seem to most people, to solve it would be to produce the original manuscripts, and this, it seems, no one can do. The original manuscripts were entrusted to M. de Bacourt, who, naturally enough, had them copied—much of the copying, as it seems, having been done for him by his niece, now Countess of Mirabeau, and by her daughter, Madame de Martel, better known to the world under her *nom de guerre* of "Gyp." When M. de Bacourt died, he bequeathed the care of all the Talleyrand papers and the copies to MM. Chaplain and Andral. Andral, the survivor of this duumvirate, bequeathed to the Duke de Broglie what profess to be the copies made by M. de Bacourt, and it was from these copies that the Duke and his clerks worked to prepare the existing edition for the press. But what has become of the original documents? They have vanished into thin air. Madame de Mirabeau and Madame de Martel declare that the published work bears no resemblance to the memoirs which they helped to copy, and by them the blame for the changes is laid at M. Andral's door. M. Aulard, on the other hand, blames M. de Bacourt, whom he charges with having already tampered with historic documents in his edition of the letters of Mirabeau to La Marelle. In all this conflict of evidence and opinion, where are we to seek salvation? It may be remembered that about a year ago M. de Blowitz published from memory certain passages of the Talleyrand memoirs which he had seen, and these passages are in the published work. Did M. de Blowitz see the Bacourt copy in M. Andral's possession, or the original manuscript? It is a queer business. The one thing certain is that, if the memoirs are genuine, they are of very little value to any student of the French Revolution, the Napoleonic era, and the Restoration.

Poor Talleyrand! It is hard not to feel pity for his ghost. How grievously his fame has been jeopardised by the belated

\* Les Memoires de Talleyrand, Three Vols. Paris: Calmann Levy. English translation, Griffith and Farran.

publication of these memoirs! If they are not genuine they certainly will not take rank with the world's famous forgeries, with the letters of Phalaris, with the interpolations in the mutilated text of Petronius. There are certain things in the latest volume, certain judgments upon public men, which could scarcely be genuine—judgments formed apparently upon appreciation of facts much later than the supposititious date of the judgment. But, assuming them to be genuine, we must reverse for their writer the epigram on Goldsmith, and say that, however brilliantly Talleyrand may have talked, in these much-advertised memoirs he wrote like poor Pol.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Many a man who remembers the early antagonisms or enthusiasms excited by the name of John Stuart Mill will feel that he is growing old when he hears that the "Political Economy" is out of copyright. Yes, forty-two years have gone by since the famous text-book was given to the world, and it has just been republished in two cheap editions, first by Messrs. Routledge in their *Sir John Lubbock's Best Hundred Books*—a three-and-sixpenny series which seems to have met with considerable success—and a little later by Messrs. Longmans. Mill considerably altered his "Political Economy" in later editions, and Messrs. Longmans, who, with Miss Helen Taylor, hold the copyright, have therefore an advantage in producing the book in the *Silver Library*. In an interesting paragraph in his "Autobiography," Mill tells of the sacrifice of pecuniary interest which led to the production of a people's edition at five shillings. But the present generation of political economy students may be glad to have the book a little cheaper than their fathers could purchase it. On many great economic questions, still far from settled, Mill has written with a terseness and also a fairness quite unequalled.

To their *Silver Library*, which should surely have more distinctive bindings for so varied an assortment of books, Messrs. Longmans have also added another favourite of a widely different character—Lady Brassey's "Voyage in the Sunbeam." It would be interesting to know how many editions of the book have been published, and the publishers might here advantageously learn from the practice of Messrs. Macmillan. There have been 750,000 copies of the sixpenny edition of the "Sunbeam" alone.

A glance at the series of Messrs. Routledge mentioned above—the *Best Hundred Books*—is a sufficient condemnation of the theory of Sir John Lubbock. It already includes an exceedingly undesirable translation of "Herodotus," which has had a very large sale, an equally undesirable translation of the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," and Mill's "Political Economy," which only on very utilitarian principles can be counted among "best books." One is tempted more than ever to fling in one's lot with the advocates of desultory reading, with those who, like the young Cervantes, read everything, "even to the pieces of torn paper to be picked up in the streets."

The volume on "Victorian Poets" which Miss Amy Sharp, of Newnham College, has added to the *University Extension Series* is not calculated to enhance one's opinion of the University Extensionists. It is a trivial matter enough that Tennyson's home should be described as at Farringdon, or that the latest collected edition of his poems should be given as in seven volumes. It is of more moment that the "chatter" about Tennyson, Browning, and the rest—two or three of the best of Victorian poets, by the way, are absolutely ignored—is of a peculiarly barren order.

It must always be a matter of considerable regret that Mr. John Morley, whose monographs on Rousseau, Voltaire, and Diderot are so admirably adapted to set us thinking, had not written the first of these by the light of the considerable mass of Rousseau literature which has been published since the centenary celebrations of 1878. Most noteworthy perhaps is "J.-J. Rousseau jugé par les Français d'Aujourd'hui" (Perrin, Paris), in which there is an article by Dr. J. Roussel on Rousseau's children. That Rousseau, in spite of his deliberate statements in the "Confessions," never really had any children is proved beyond question.

Mr. David Stott, by the way, has added a translation of Rousseau's "Confessions" to his *Masterpieces of Foreign Authors*—a daring and not, perhaps, a wise experiment. The only existing English translation known to us was originally published at the end of the last century, and went through a number of editions then in three or four volumes before it was ultimately reproduced in one volume by Reeves and Turner. This firm transferred the book to Mr. Glaisher, of Holborn, a few years back. A hasty comparison of the two translations seem to show considerable resemblance of phrase, plainly indicating that Mr. Stott's translator has made ample use of his predecessor. But apart from the superiority of type, binding, &c., the palm may clearly be given to Mr. Stott's translation, although one rises from it persuaded that the "Confessions" of Rousseau resemble Homer and Heine, in that they are absolutely untranslatable. There is, it may be added for the benefit of Rousseau students, a pleasant article in the *Speaker* of Aug. 8 on "A Visit to Les Charmettes."

Jules Verne is to the front again with a new story, belonging, however, to his series *Voyages Extraordinaires*. "Mistress Brancan" is the title, and the work shows no falling off in freshness and vividness of invention. During his long working life Jules Verne has turned out over two hundred volumes and sixty-two stories. His first four books were unsuccessful, but since the appearance of "Five Weeks in a Balloon" his literary fame has increased year by year. M. and Madame Jules Verne inhabit a delightful villa in Amiens, filled with quaint and valuable mementoes of their travels, far and near. All the writing is done in a small turret-chamber, through which boom every hour the chimes of the fine cathedral bells. Jules Verne completes two volumes every twelve months, and is one of the European writers whose income will be quadrupled by the passing of the American law of copyright.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.—"Daphne, and Other Poems," by Frederick Tennyson (Macmillan); "A Voyage in the Sunbeam," by Lady Brassey, *Silver Library* (Longmans); Mill's "Logic," Mill's "Political Economy," *Silver Library* (Longmans); "The Poetical Works of Whittier," *Albion Edition* (F. Warne and Co.); "Confessions of J.-J. Rousseau," newly translated into English, Vol. I., *Masterpieces of Foreign Authors* (David Stott); "An Octave of Friends," by E. Lynn Linton (Ward and Downey); "School History and Geography of Northern India," by Sir William Wilson Hunter (Clarendon Press); "The Last Great Naval War: an Historical Retrospect," by A. Nelson Seaford (Cassell and Co.); "The Songs of Innocence of William Blake," set to music by Vincent Caillard (Novello, Ewer, and Co.) K.





1. The Monthly Crop: Tom, the Station Barber. 2. Regulating a Long Day. 3. Tattooing: First Stage. 4. Tattooing: Second Stage. 5. Writing the weekly Home Letter.

STATION LIFE IN BURMAH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SURGEON A. G. E. NEWLAND.





THE EAST TERRACE AT WINDSOR CASTLE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have to thank a very large number of the readers of this column for the replies they have sent in answer to my request for information concerning the story of the Indian juggler's feat and the photographing thereof. My query, it may be remembered, had reference to a report which appeared in a magazine to the effect that on photographing the trick in which a mango-shrub is made to grow from a pot, no such shrub was to be seen when the negative was printed off. In the same way, other tricks, notably one in which a boy was seen hanging suspended from a mysterious cord which had no visible support, were said to have been photographed, with the result that what the spectators saw, the camera did not reveal. It had been alleged that the Indian juggler hypnotised his audience, and that the suggestion made by him (that the growing mango was to be seen) took effect in their minds, and thus accounted for the illusion. The whole account seems to have originated in a clever piece of fiction, originally published in the *Chicago Tribune*. The name of the supposed experimenter with the camera was "S. Ellmore," which the Chicago editor says was meant to imply one "sell more" for the public. This explains satisfactorily enough the allusion to which I made reference, and whose source I could not trace. My meed of thanks to the correspondents who have assisted me to the rights of the story is, therefore, a very warm one, and I again acknowledge gratefully the many kind letters which have been addressed to me on this matter.

If I may indulge in a feeble little crow on my own account, it is that I doubted seriously the truth of the story from the first. Referring to the theory that the Indian juggler had mesmerised his audience, I pointed out the improbability of any man, however skilled he might be in hypnotism, being able to hypnotise a crowd of persons equally. It might also have occurred to one's mind that, as the Indian juggler does not speak English, it would be impossible for him to convey any "suggestion" in words; and of mesmerism exerted by looks, gestures, or other means (under the circumstances detailed), one might, legitimately enough, feel highly sceptical. It seems, however, that, according to some of my correspondents, certain believers in the occult (as represented by theosophy and spiritualism) were only too anxious to seize upon the incident of the juggler and the photograph, as a proof of the reality of transcendental influences, which, of course, sober and matter-of-fact science (as they joyfully asserted) could not explain. There are always people to be found who are only too glad to be able to decry science when they can, as if patient truth-seeking were a crime, and a lawful scepticism of the marvellous a heinous offence. I am not (I trust) an ill-natured individual, nor given to rejoice in the misfortunes of other people; but I have been chuckling inwardly at the defeat of the anti-scientists over this camera hoax, as I have likewise been congratulating myself on the justification of my personal doubts regarding the story as I remembered it.

Now that we have disposed of the Indian juggler and his tricks on one hypothesis at least, may I ask my readers who have resided in India for accounts of juggling feats they have actually witnessed? "The more the merrier" will be my motto in this matter; only I wish for accounts of what my readers have seen and not merely heard recited, as well as of any explanation of the feats they may have become acquainted with. In the "Jottings" in which I made reference to this matter, I gave Hermann's explanation of the mango-tree trick, which, according to the account of the expert European conjurer, was clumsily performed. It is in the interests of science I make my request, because, as I have remarked, one gets tired of hearing modern mystics perpetually referring to tricks of the kind noted as evidences of the inexplicable in the domain of both mind and matter. On the principle that an ex-thief (I intend no discourtesy to Herr Hermann) makes a good detective because he is well up to the ways of the thieving fraternity, the evidence of a professional conjurer is, of course, very valuable in such matters. He knows at once the world behind the scenes, and the ease with which people can be deceived into thinking or believing almost anything; so that, with explanations of a material nature at hand, one may well refuse to rush to transcendentalism for the true way of Indian or, indeed, any other jugglery. I well remember the days of the Davenport Brothers, with their rope-trick and the mysterious cabinet; and we all know how spiritualism claimed them for its own, and how séances were held by believers in that cult at which fat ladies were said to float through ceilings, and other feats of like nature (as wonderful as the Indian tricks) were performed. The Homes and others of spiritualistic fame have been shown up as clever conjurers, yet a pretence of belief exists still in the occult, while common-sense is quite efficient for the explanation of the so-called mysteries.

To a correspondent writing me from the Inner Temple I tender my special thanks for a very interesting letter on Indian jugglery. Referring to the trick of throwing a ball of twine into the air and climbing out of sight on the twine, this gentleman, an eighteen-years resident in India, says he never heard of the trick till he returned to England. To the tales of live burials and resuscitations the same remark applies. The mango-tree trick he saw performed, and his account of it agrees with that of Herr Hermann. An English child who had seen the mango-tree grow in a few minutes, apparently out of the covered pot which before was empty, ran to the pot, pulled the mango out before the juggler could interpose, and brought it to my correspondent. The growing mango turned out to be a branch of a croton-tree, which the gardener had seen the juggler pluck as he walked up the road leading to the house. This solves the mystery so far, it seems to me. As regards the trick of stabbing a boy in a basket, withdrawing the sword covered with blood, then covering the basket and, finally, showing the empty basket while the boy makes his appearance on the branch of a tree some distance off, my correspondent says this feat is accomplished, as are many of our own tricks, by diverting the attention of the audience to the tree and away from the basket and the boy alike. The accomplices of the conjurer pass the boy away, while the opening of the basket is, of course, a critical point in the trick, and serves to divert attention from the tree at the time the boy is ascending it. There are, of course, degrees of complexity in these tricks, but, all the same, I am fast getting to be more and more sceptical of what I hear and read about Indian jugglery and Indian live burials and resuscitations.

## SOME UNPUBLISHED POLITICAL POEMS.

BY THE HON. STUART ERSKINE.

It is an oft-discussed question whether the ancients or the moderns have the better claim to immortality by reason of their political *jeux d'esprit*. Is the "Tale of a Tub" a surer indication of justice than, say, the occasional tirades against bachelors and prize turnips which, in the proportion of one to every fortnight, adorn the leader columns of a modern newspaper? Is the poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin* (Canning's) less advantageously perused than that of the *Saturday Review*? Can the "smartness" of the *National Observer* compete, in point of pertness, with the wittiest and bitterest enunciations of Gifford's organ, or that *olla podrida* of insolence and talent, the "Rolliad"? In point of wit, which is the better of the two, the *Spectator* of to-day, or the *New Whig Guide*—an amusing and audacious sheet, "brimful" of rollicking fun and broad jokes—at the expense of the Whigs? What has become of *John Bull*? Has the salt lost its savour? or are the principles to which it has steadily adhered from its inception grown obsolete and old-fashioned? An assortment of such questions is easily provided; their appropriate titles are not so readily suggested.

By the side of the habit of prose satirical composition there flourished a generation or two back a sister art—the art of epigram, of sonnet, and of impromptu verse-making. Rogers excelled in epigram—so much so that even the *Quarterly Review* waxed demonstrative over him, and graciously compared his *bons-mots* and sarcasms to drops of sealing-wax, which fell and blistered, and blistered even while they fell. As to Byron, his facility in humorous versification requires no emphasis: like Mr. Disraeli, Sydney Smith, and a few fortunate others, he probably said about one half of what was imputed to him by a generous public. But his fecundity is abundantly proved. The epigrams of Rogers, Byron, George Ellis Canning, Frere, Sheridan, Erskine, Croker, Theodore Hook, and a host of celebrated men, are generally didactic in character, the point usually resting in the moral with which it is intended the tale should be adorned. Occasionally, however, the Rambler among literary curiosities will meet with one in which the "moral" is supplemented or preceded by much that is not only grossly immoral but flagitiously indecent. Such instances are, of course, best confined to the study, but, as an example of what confusion may be wrought by even a moderate display of indelicacy, the following unpublished epigram by "Sir William Charles Hanbury Williams," a notorious wit and *bon viveur*, may be judiciously quoted—

I've lost my mistress, horse, and wife.  
But when I think on human life,  
I'm glad it is no worse.  
My mistress was grown lean and old,  
My wife was ugly and a scold,  
I'm sorry for my horse.

The following, by Lord Erskine, will no doubt be read with interest—

On the report of Bonaparte's being killed by the Cossacks—a deplorable instance of the incurable vice of punning—

Bonaparte, being wounded, exulting you say,  
Was dragged by the Cossacks through mire, mud, and clay,  
Expiring quite bak'd, like a goose in a pasty.  
If true, 'tis in vain to dispute the *diastasy*.

The following, addressed to "Capel Loft," is not unamusing—

We're told, Capel Loft—and I think with some reason—  
You've a little of law and a little of treason;  
I heartily wish you, my good learned brother,  
As little of one as you have of the other.—A LAWYER.

I have the following from an authoritative source—

LORD ERSKINE AND HIS MAGNOLIA.

"Some forty years ago William Wordsworth, when on a visit near Bath, was asked to write *something* in a lady's album. He took up his pen and wrote these lines—

Wild with Reform in country as in town,  
Erskine has cut his famed magnolia down.  
If cool discretion come not to his aid,  
He'll lose his substance, as he lost his shade."

The lines, however, were not Wordsworth's own, but would appear to possess such merit as to have secured a permanent corner in the poet's memory. The history of the verse, which he gave after writing it, was this: "There grew in the garden of Chancellor Erskine at his house near — a very large magnolia, which was the glory and pride of all the neighbourhood. At the time it was in full blossom it was customary for many people to resort to the garden on purpose to look at this magnificent tree. It was especially an object of peculiar admiration to Mr. Cox (brother to Mr. Cox the historian), who used constantly on these occasions to come to pay his devoirs to the splendid magnolia. One year when he came as usual to visit it, in passing under a doorway, where it might plainly be seen, he discovered to his utmost dismay that it was gone, and that it was not only cut down, but so rooted up that not the slightest vestige remained of it, nor was the least trace visible of its ever having grown there. His astonishment was very great. He immediately went to the gardener and asked what had become of the magnolia. 'Why,' said he, 'it was cut down by my master's orders.' 'By your master's orders?' 'Yes,' said the gardener; 'the fact is this: Chancellor Erskine, he used to be very fond of walking in the heat of the sun under the shade of its large and spreading branches; but one day, when he was enjoying himself as usual in its shade, the flies and insects which were buzzing around it annoyed him, and he said instantly: "Cut that tree down, root it up, cover the ground where it grows with earth and grass; do it so that it may never be perceived that anything ever grew there." 'Well,' said Mr. Cox; 'I'll have my revenge upon him'; and he went into the library and wrote these lines and left them on the table. The words turned out in the end prophetic, for Chancellor Erskine, having made a large fortune, spent it no one knew how."

The date attached to Wordsworth's transcription is "Summerhill, April 23, 1839." This was the residence of Dr. Charles Parry, brother to Sir William Parry, the Arctic voyager. The verse and anecdote are in the album that belonged to Mrs. Parry.

The following epigram—the last—may be read by admirers of Sheridan, who may be supposed to have had some experience of the habits of the gentry whose vices he depicts—

Our keepers of a livery stable  
Grow rich as fast as they are able.  
No fault in them—when beasts are thus,  
'They write up' Horses taken in."

## NEW PLAYS AND OLD MANAGERS.

BY A DRAMATIST.

A colonial bishop, when an Oxford undergraduate, remarked that after reading Shakspeare he almost invariably sat up the following night to write a drama. A similar infatuation has in thousands of instances led to waste of time and wrecking of valuable talent, without arriving at Schiller's conviction that "he wrote plays before he knew men," or without any knowledge of play-writing for the stage, or of theatrical managers, on the part of the writers.

A veteran of over fifty years' standing in connection with London theatres, who has written seventy odd plays and had fifty printed and acted, states, in the broad manner peculiar to his vocation, that the manuscripts of unacted plays which have passed through his hands, piled upon each other, would exceed the height of the Monument. The supply of new plays from the three to five hundred playwrights in London alone is, at this same rapid rate of production, going on daily; while it may fairly be calculated that not one in a hundred is read, and many are lost.

The following are among the incidents of one writer's experience during the last forty years. He sent a five-act drama to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean in their palmy days at the old Princess's. Nothing short of actual production could have been more encouraging to a young aspirant than the reception it obtained from them. In a very short time he was invited to write when he would be in London, and make an appointment to call at Torrington Square at three o'clock in the afternoon, to discuss his play with Mrs. Kean. He called, surprised Mrs. Kean with his youthfulness, received instruction, encouragement, kindness, and left with a promise that her secretary would enclose some notes for his future guidance with the manuscript when returned. Both came to him in due course. There was no influence or interest behind or at work. "The Keans," in this instance, simply maintained their reputation for kindness and dignity.

His next manuscript went to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan at the Olympic. From Brighton, Mr. Wigan, courteously declining the play as "not suitable for his company," wrote that the manuscript awaited the author at the stage-door of the theatre. Thither he went. The door-keeper, with a pewter pot and a short pipe, distributing uncleanness, in a most unconcerned manner, over the floor of his little den, took out a list, nearly two yards in length, of plays, tabulated as to titles, authors' names, addresses, when received, when taken away and signed for. The applicant was numbered among the eighties on the list. Cupboards, in two heights round the den from floor to ceiling, were opened; manuscripts falling out were kicked over on the floor, the stage-door keeper inviting the author to pick up his play when he saw it. Satisfied that it was not on the floor, one of the higher cupboards was opened, and out in the first batch the sought-for play came tumbling, to be caught before it reached the ground by the author, whose feet, he regrets to say, made as much havoc among the manuscripts as the stage-door keeper's. He signed the list, gave the "tip" asked for "to drink his health," and came away; the custodian of the manuscripts kicking them out of the way of his feet, with hiccapping ejaculations that they must wait where they were; he should not put them up yet. He was incapacitated.

Many years after this the writer called at the Olympic, when under the management of Mr. Henry Neville, and found the stage-door keeper of that period demurely reading the manuscript of a play written by himself, which he said was the loss of a fortune to managers who would not produce it.

One of the more congenial of the last generation of managers was Mr. Wallack, for a short time lessee of the Marylebone. Under a tree in the garden of his house in Alpha Road, he insisted on being joined in a smoke while the subject-matter of a special play was airily whiffed into chat about nothing in particular, and a hearty leave-taking at his garden gate, which included an invitation to bring some plays over to New York City when he got back home. There he could produce them; but not in this country.

Mr. Wallack's method—whether American or not—has not been surpassed for pleasantness. For extrication from a close corner, no cool managerial assurance has surpassed that of Mr. H. J. Montague, later on, at the Globe. It was necessary to put pressure upon him to fulfil some of many freaks of forgetfulness, especially in regard to appointments. Without an appointment or giving any intimation of his visit, the writer located himself and waited on the dark stage. Presently, in hot haste, Mr. Montague—whose arrival could be distinctly heard—rushing on to the stage for another person, stumbled upon his visitor, and commenced regretting he had overlooked his appointment and forgotten to wire that he should be detained for another half-hour with his solicitor in the City. Brought to the point, he was so charmed with the "pretty play," he meant to study his part in the train on Sunday, when he was going down to Birmingham to see his mother—and he wanted the opinion of his old schoolfellow, Mr. Bancroft, which he valued more than that of any other man in the world. He had accepted three plays, but should throw them over provided there was more money in—the "pretty one." No more time was wasted on Mr. Montague, and what became of the "pretty play" is not known. Certainly, it contained no incident or situation so strong as that improvised by Mr. Montague.

To Mr. Benjamin Webster, acting on advice, no play went. Mr. Charles Mathews jocularly intimated that he could not understand why persons wished to send things to him that he did not want and had no grounds for supposing that he ever should.

The chance in a lifetime to one man in five hundred of playwrights appeared to have come to the writer at the close of the run of "The Flying Scud" at the Holborn. Mr. John Parselle, the treasurer, with whom the writer had collaborated, wrote that Mr. Sefton Parry would either put on a piece or close the theatre in a fortnight. By return of post the outline of a first act was sent; on the following morning the first act, completely written, was posted; and in rapid succession a four-act piece was put together by the collaborators, who were over a hundred and fifty miles apart. It was a piece on which both had been engaged, rewritten for the occasion. Of no avail. The Holborn was closed, preparatory, as it turned out, to its final extermination.

Mr. Phelps received the writer at his house in Canonbury Square with the utmost courtesy. Posing like Shakspeare on his monument in Westminster Abbey, and smiling, not at grief, but at the writer seated in an antique high-back chair, he listened over the elbow of the chair to the plot of a play without any sign of inattention, except that now and again he assured himself that the flattened curl of hair brought forward over his left ear was not disarranged or out of place. He expressed in profound tones his interest in the plot and anxiety to read the play, stipulating that it should be sent to his house and not to Sadler's Wells. It went.

A long time after, the writer, passing through Canonbury Square, observed a removal taking place at the house of



Mr. Phelps. "Yes," said one of his daughters, "we are leaving the old home to-day. My father has not been in it since my mother's funeral, and has written me to get another house, for he will never enter this one again." "Ah! manuscripts? Yes; I don't know what I shall do with them; every cupboard is full of them. While my mother was alive she read and took care of all that came into the house, for she pitied authors; but I do not think that my father ever read or looked at one. My mother always kept them out of sight. I suppose we shall have to burn them."

"It is no use writing plays," said Mr. Creswick at his house in Bloomsbury Square, "a man who is in the groove"—enforcing that opinion by mentioning several names—"does no good at it. I bought, by way of an encouragement, and against my partner's wish, T. P. Cooke's prize play, 'True to the Core,' which is the best thing ever sent in for that competition; but what is the good? No other piece has been sent in worth buying, and my partner thinks we did wrong. Bear in mind there are many people to please before you get to the public. It is well enough in its way, provided an author can agree with Serjeant Talfourd, who said the satisfaction of seeing one of his dramas played was sufficient recompense for all his troubles."

Of living managers it is only necessary to say their position is so unlike that of managers in the earlier days referred to that no comparison can be made between them and "the Keans." A popular playwright, within the last few weeks, has brusquely told a young author that it is to his interest, and therefore he keeps everyone he can out of his field, and the only thing to do is to worry managers with plays until a denial is impossible. That sinister advice implies such deplorable degradation of the playwright's vocation as to make it obvious that no one—whether having in him the making of a colonial bishop or not—will sit up at night to write dramas and vex the souls of managers.

## THE PRISONS OF SIBERIA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

IRKUTSK, March 9, 1891.

There is always so much to see and do in Irkutsk, that the five weeks I have spent here were fully occupied. The prison life of Siberia has always interested me highly, for I had read so much of it before coming to the country that I never missed an opportunity of seeing as much

hear the cooing of turtle-doves in some gloomy recess of a filthy cell.

One of the portraits I have sketched is that of a prisoner who had attempted to escape from the gang with which he travelled in Siberia, and who was, by the rule for such cases, ordered to have one side of his head and face shaved, that his strange appearance might excite suspicion if he should again run away. This peculiar custom has been found effective as a warning to the Siberian peasantry, whose kindness and hospitality to distressed travellers might often bring them into trouble with the Russian police.

After going the round of the "halls" we next visited the workshops. As I told you in a previous article, work in a Siberian prison is purely optional; a man can be as lazy as he likes, or else he can set to and earn a little money at his particular trade, if he has one, and such work is required. There are two kinds of work permitted by the Government: work in the prison itself in the various workshops provided for the different trades, and outdoor work away from the prison. In the Irkutsk prison almost every trade was not only represented but usually well employed, for in many of the workshops I was informed the men were so busy with orders on hand that for the moment they could undertake no more. All the work being carried out was for townspeople. Of the money thus earned, a certain percentage goes to the Government, and the rest is divided equally among the men who worked. We visited all the "shops," and it was quite refreshing to see the men hard at work, and working cheerfully together—as well they might, considering that it is to their mutual advantage to do so. They were working evidently under no restraint whatever, for I noticed no guards about. I was told that one could get almost anything made here—for in the "shops" were tailors, hatters, bootmakers, smiths, locksmiths, carpenters, cabinet-makers, cigarette-makers, jewellers, engravers, and even artists; for in the prison, at the time I visited it, were two men convicted of uttering false bank-notes, and who, having artistic proclivities, passed their time in painting—the one, portraits from photographs; the other, "bons Dieux," or the sacred pictures so dear to the Greek Church. I saw the portrait-



AN IRKUTSK POLICEMAN.

way, was very indifferent, I further learnt was mostly for local photographers. The other "artist," whom we subsequently visited, was quite a "swell," for he was in solitary confinement, and had been permitted to fit up his small cell quite as a studio. There were shelves on the walls full of half-completed pictures, a lot of the usual paraphernalia of art lay about, while in one corner hung a large framed oil-painting, a copy of a celebrated picture I knew well through the recently published photogravures of it in London—a beautiful composition, and looking strangely incongruous in so gruesome and dismal a place, for the only light entered by a small, heavily grated window high up near the ceiling. This gentleman, who seemed quite as busy as the portrait-painter was, however, quite a different character, and as reticent and moody as the other was talkative, for when the director asked him if he did not speak French or German so that I could ask him a few questions, he curtly replied that he had forgotten whether he ever did or not, for he was now a "number," no longer a man. I afterwards learnt that both these men, though convicted, were not as yet sentenced, and that probably they would be sent for an indefinite number of years to hard labour in one of the Government mines, and that it was only pending their sentence that they were allowed to go on with their painting, though, my informant added with a smile, they would probably be able to do a little even at the mines if they behaved themselves. With so much labour of all sorts to be got almost for the asking, it may be imagined how *exploité* the prison is by local tradesmen, who thus get their work done by these "unfortunates" at probably less than a third of what it would cost them if they employed town labour. I got a large double brass seal made, and engraved at both ends, for less than 2s. 6d., and then, when it was finished, the Governor ordered the prisoner who had made it to engrave my initials on my stick into the bargain, which the fellow did without a word of grumbling. He looked very grateful, however, when I slipped a few extra kopeks into his hand afterwards.



EXERCISE-GROUND OF THE PRISON AT IRKUTSK.

of it as possible. One of my first excursions, therefore, was to the jail here. As at Yeniseisk and Krasnoïarsk, the officials were politeness itself, and although the "Ostrog" here is a really important one, containing as it does no less than 1200 prisoners (owing to the recent burning of the Alexandroffsky prison), I experienced not the slightest difficulty in being shown all there was to be seen. The authorities offered me every assistance in their power, and no secret whatever was made of it; the Governor-General of Irkutsk, to whom my mission as a special artist and correspondent was well known, even going so far as to send me a courteous message, saying that he would be pleased to let me see all I wished of the prison life, and "hoped that I would only write the exact truth about it to my paper"! So I spent a long morning there, walking round with the director, the doctor, and other officials, and saw and sketched as much as I wished, and only had to ask to be told all I wanted to know. What struck me most in the internal arrangements was the comparative liberty that existed inside the vast building; for, with the exception of the few prisoners in solitary confinement, all seemed free to roam about in the corridors or the large quadrangle to their hearts' content; and although a warder with a large bunch of keys accompanied us on our round, in no case did he find occasion to use them, for all the doors were unlocked. I was informed that it is only at night the prisoners are locked in. The system is certainly a curious one. Of course the men in the "solitary" cells were not allowed this sort of liberty. The description you will remember I gave you of the Yeniseisk prison will almost suffice for the Irkutsk one as well, with the exception that the various "halls," or "dormitories," there were infinitely better than those here, which—probably on account of their over-crowded state—were in a filthy condition. Every spot was occupied, and the stench was awful in consequence, for this is an old prison as compared with that at Yeniseisk. I was much astonished to see dogs, cats, and even pigeons and doves in some of the "halls," and on inquiry was informed that prisoners are allowed their "pets," and that each crowd had its special and distinctive favourites, fed out of the general "mess"! It was touching to see some hulking ruffian loafing about in the sunshine with a tiny kitten in his arms, or to

painter at work in the same room as the cigarette-makers, and much out of place here did the easel and canvas look, almost as much so as the artist himself, in his prison garb, with a large palette and bunch of brushes and mahlstick in his hand. The fellow spoke German fluently, so we had a talk together, as he was not at all reticent, and did not seem to feel his position shameful. He informed me that he always had as much work to do as he could possibly get through, so he never found the time hang heavily on his hands. This work, which, by the



MARRIED PRISONERS WAITING FOR NEW CLOTHING.

THE PRISONS OF SIBERIA.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



Out-door employment away from the prison is often granted to prisoners who have been remarked for special good conduct, and they are drafted off either to Government or private works, such as salt or iron workings. Those sent to private works are thus rewarded for very exceptionally good behaviour while in prison. Prisoners get well paid while thus employed; their chains are removed, and they work side by side with freemen, receiving the same pay and enjoying the same allowances, the only difference being of course, that they cannot leave of their own accord. The pay struck me as being exceptionally good, for it is as much as twenty-five roubles (£3) per month for foremen,



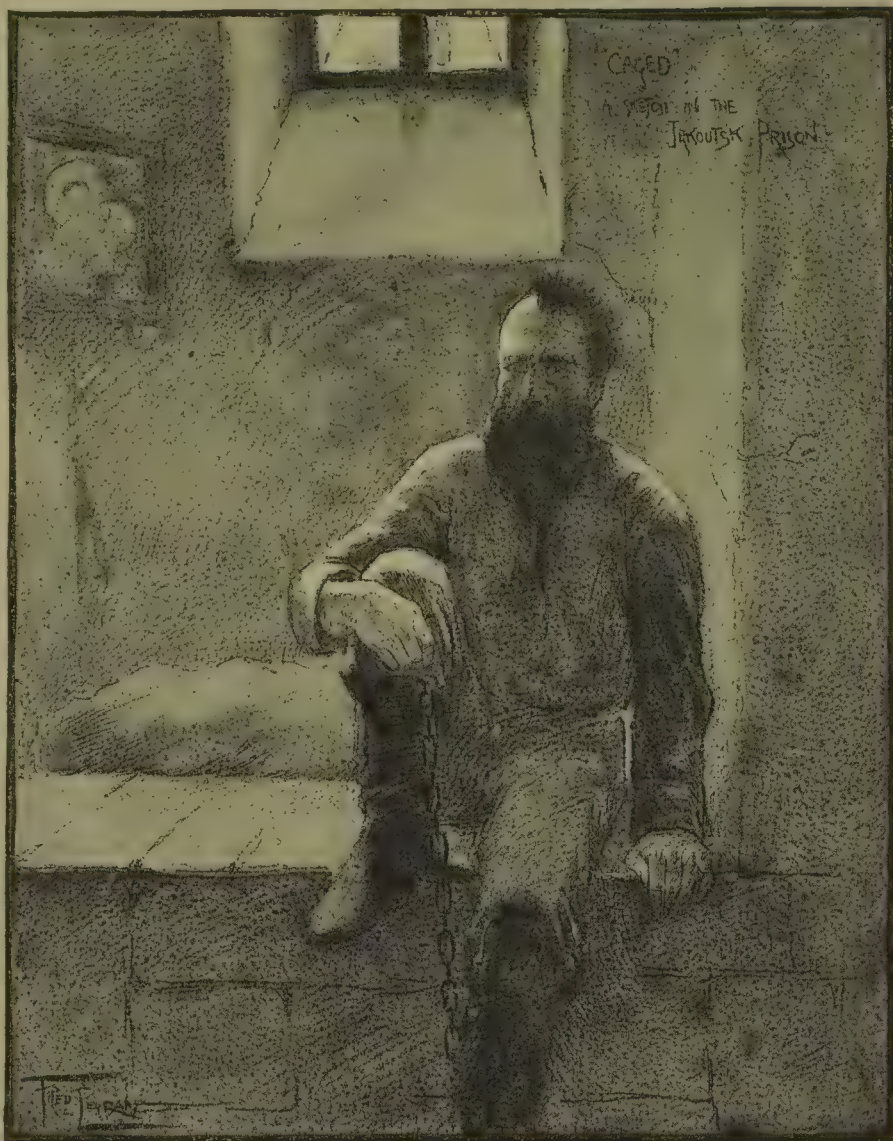
A CONVICT WHO ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE.

and ranging down to four roubles for the ordinary labourers. Besides this pay, each man receives 80 lb. of flour per month for himself, and, if married, 40 lb. per month for his wife and 40 lb. also for each child from the day of its birth till it is thirteen years of age. He also receives an extra eight roubles per year for boots, &c. Housing is provided by the owners of the works; but the convicts may, if they choose, live apart (on the works) at their own expense. At the Government works (not the hard-labour ones) it is, of course, different; for, although it is a distinct rise in the prisoner's position to be sent to them, the pay is very poor indeed, being only three kopeks per day, and the men are still under the supervision of convoy soldiers. There is no military guard over men when working at private works. I had an interesting interview with an owner of some salt-works who largely employs convict labour. He told me that he would rather employ convicts than

ordinary labourers, as they were "more reliable." If a convict gave his "convict's word" to do or not to do a thing, as the case might be, he could rely on his never breaking it, for it would be contrary to a recognised code of "prison honour"! For instance, it would often happen, when the gang he had ordered arrived, the "Starosta" of it would inform him that such and such prisoners were unreliable, for they had declared their intention of running away at the first opportunity. "But how about the others there?" he would ask: "for it would be awkward to find myself short-handed at a critical moment." "Oh, the others," would reply the Starosta, "have given me their convict's word to remain and do their best, so you can rely on them." The system of thus utilising convicts is undoubtedly part of a huge scheme for gradually colonising this vast continent, as round the various factories small villages gradually spring up.

Married prisoners waiting to have new clothes served out to them are shown in a sketch I made one morning in the prison here. A party of criminals had just arrived, and before proceeding farther east were to be served out with new prison clothes for the long journey they still had before them, many being bound for Yakutsk and some for far-away Sakhalien Island. It was a curious sight—the crowd of men and women squatting about on the ground in the hall while waiting their turn to go into the office to get the clothes. Very few seemed to feel their position very keenly, judging by the callous way in which they were laughing and chatting. Most of the women were wives of prisoners, who had been allowed to follow their husbands into exile. The group of the father and son, in the foreground, struck me as being rather pathetic, more especially as the old man looked as though he had been in a good position in his time. I could not find out what his crime was, but he was for Sakhalien, so he must have done something bad.

In the Perasilny at Krasnoiarsk, I visited the "room" of a "Privilegiert," or swell prisoner, who was too good to associate with the ordinary horde of vulgar scoundrels, though possibly he may have caused, in his time, as much misery to his fellow-creatures as any of them. The "gentleman" in this case, I afterwards was told, "wrote too well."



CAGED AND DESPERATE.

He was a tall, well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man, and had his little son with him. The room they occupied was really not bad, for there were two real beds in it, with blankets and sheets, washing appliances, looking-glass, and tea-things—quite a little *ménage*, in fact. My intrusion did not seem to please him, for he immediately turned his back on me and began muttering something to himself; however, I went in all the same, had a good look round, and made a sketch of him, in spite of his ungracious reception.



A "PRIVILEGED" GENTLEMAN CRIMINAL, WITH HIS SON.





1. West Coast of St. Paul's Island.  
2. A Sealer's Hut.

3. Natives picking out young Fur-seals from the Herd on the Hauling-beach.  
4. Salting the Seal-skins.

5. Native Lighter for carrying Skins to the Ships.  
6. Driving Seals to the Killing-grounds.

SKETCHES OF THE BEHRING SEA SEAL-FISHERY, ST. PAUL'S, PRIBYLOV ISLANDS.



## HOLIDAY VOWS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Upon a heathery slope that overlooks the sea near Scarborough reclines Budgett, solicitor, of London; and very near him sits Mrs. Budgett, her parasol upright, her gown carefully thrown over all but the toe-tips of her still shapely feet, an open book on the lectern of her knees. Budgett looks strange, even to a stranger, in a suit of chequers and a white felt hat; indeed, he is so foreign to himself in this apparel that it makes him hot to think of it. For Budgett is a man of the town, of the street, of the lamp; a man of no country connections whatever; a desperate hardworker from his youth, yet one to whom success came not too late. But as he leans on his elbow, smoking his pipe with a soft regularity of in-take and out-puff, it is not his personal appearance that gives a troubled solemnity to his meditations.

When a woman like Mrs. Budgett has lived for thirty years with the only man in the world—and he mostly speechless out of chambers—there are times when she can hear what he is thinking about three feet off almost as well as if his thoughts whispered each other in his breast, and her head lay upon it in the silence of a snowy night. Even as her mind drifted idly over the pages of her book—she so happy to be alone in bright nothing-to-do with the man whom she had never called “Jack” in her life, though his name is John—it was arrested by an inborne consciousness that Budgett had dropped into a deep and troubled vein of thought. At first it was only the perturbation of it that she was conscious of; but in an instant she knew it was not “Cox v. Cox” or “Billings v. the Fiddle-bow Trust Company” that worried her dear lord, but something—something nearer to herself. Not for worlds would she have stolen a look into his face to confirm her strengthening surmise! It was too grave a matter to put to risk, and a glance at him might do irreparable mischief in scattering those precious thoughts of his. But she would like to know; and what could inform her without the dangerous inquiring look, or a yet more dangerous form of question?

Drooping her parasol by imperceptible degrees to one side, till she was hidden from Budgett to the shoulder, Mrs. Budgett lifted her eyes and swept the scene from her outer hand to the centre, bringing her vision round searchingly and slowly. What she looked for—the something which, perhaps, had put Budgett on a certain train of meditation—lay straight before her, downward at a fifty-yard distance. There was a wooden hut built on a ledge of cliff, the path that went round it winding to the shore. A sturdy rail protected the path on the outer side, and—(this was on a Sunday I should have said)—against it leant a fine, middle-aged sort of a fisherman, smoking his pipe just like Budgett, but with such a radiant contentment as Budgett’s face and Budgett’s figure were far too worn ever to wear in this world. On a shallow creel by the fisherman’s side his wife sat—so low that she found it less convenient to raise her arm to his waist than to hook it round his knee; which she did, resting her head against his great tall leg. “That’s it!” said Mrs. Budgett to herself, all in a glow at the discovery. Without that suggestive picture she could have told her husband’s thoughts; but now (in a manner of speaking) she could not only hear them but see them fitting backward and forward between the hut below and the fuzzy hollow whence she made her joyful observations.

Now, while the parasol came upright again in one hand, she could not help shifting the other from her lap to the ground between herself and Budgett. It went palm downward (she pretending to read all the while), and then began moving by little half-inch jerks in his direction. It had not gone more than a foot that way than down came another hand upon it, light as a bird. Complete communication was now established and glad certainty therewith. We, too, know what Budgett was thinking of. He was remorsefully thinking of the years of his life spent in dull, creeping, absorbing toil—toil that was all very well when there was a decent competence to earn, but which had been continued when he had houses that he had never entered, fields that he had never seen, a revenue equal to that of any half-dozen of the fattest vicarages in the kingdom. He thought of the one that he had taken his wife from, with its pretty house, its lovely little garden, its envied seven hundred a year, and how he had said when he married, “Let me secure that income, with a thousand pounds nest money, and Mary shall have her country home again and no more work for me.” He thought of the days and nights he had spent ever since in his foul dark Bucklersbury den, compared with which a burrow on a heath or a rat-hole by the stream is loveliness. He thought of the no rest, no tranquillity, the no eyes, no ears, no taste for what the money could buy that he was piling up. The no consciousness of himself week after week, and month after month, smote upon him; but more than all he thought of the sunless life of the good creature who sat by him now, the dreariness of her days in the gloomy square at home, and of her evenings, too, when he was closeted with Doe and Roe between the after-dinner nap and midnight. And what for? What for? What for? For more money, when there was enough to compete with first one, then two, then four, then six of the richest vicarages in England; and still the mahogany-furnished jail in Bryanston Square for the woman and the grimy den in Bucklersbury for the man; and thence to the grave, apparently—on parallel paths, indeed, but not the same path. An end to it! Look at that fisherman down there—he and his wife, with her arm round his knee, and her head against it like a child’s! Could he remember anything like that? Yes, distantly—and sweetly. An end of it then, by Heaven! from that day forth. No more Bucklersbury as soon as that business can be settled, and no more Bryanston Square either, except for a few months in winter if Mary would like it. Henceforward, a life of country ease and quiet, with garden and grove, and cows and dogs, and reading and riding and driving, and early to bed and early to rise, and companionship all day long for this good wife; and so to make a soft and rosy sunset for the end of their lives. A closer grasp of the hand on the grass attested the utterance of the vow, which, though inaudible, was almost ferocious in its determination. She guessed, and thrilled to the grasp that seemed to make a bargain of it.

At that very moment a wealthy drysalter made similar vows, with equal resolution, on a steam-boat on the Lake of Lucerne; where dozens of well-to-do middle-aged persons had done the same thing since the beginning of the month. Judge, then, how many others there were, on lake and moor and mountain all over Europe, who were as wisely sworn! But—did I mention that all this happened last year?—the drysalter died suddenly in his counting-house on Wednesday week of a bacon-contract; Budgett still slaves in Bucklersbury; poor Mrs. B. seems to care less now for the trip with John which she is preparing for as usual at this time of year; and of all the thousands whose vows ascended to Heaven with Budgett’s, only two or three were unforsworn.

## THE BEHRING SEA SEAL-FISHERY.

The diplomatic controversy between the British Government and that of the United States, with regard to the free right of catching seals in the Behring Sea, ought to have been settled this year before the commencement of the season for that pursuit, which is in the months of June and July. No claim has been put forward to the liberty of taking those animals on the shores and islands belonging to the American territory of Alaska which was purchased from Russia by the United States Government in 1867. The only question that could be raised was that relating to their capture by British or any other ships in the open sea, at a distance of more than three miles from land. Behring Sea is part of the North Pacific Ocean, not an inland sea within the territorial jurisdiction either of the American or of the Russian Governments. Before Alaska was transferred to the United States Federal Dominion, American diplomacy strenuously and repeatedly opposed the attempts of Russia to exclude foreign seal-



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT METEOR.

fishers—more strictly speaking, seal-hunters, for the seal is not a fish—from this extensive maritime region; it is therefore most inconsistent now to set up a similar pretension. The Behring Sea is entered from the Pacific Ocean not by a narrow strait, but far outside of the Aleutian Islands, which form an appendage to the promontory of “Alaska,” there is a space extending over twenty degrees of longitude to Petropaulovski, the Russian port and capital of Kamchatka; and neither Russia nor America has a right to forbid its navigation. It is true, the Pribylov Islands, to which the valuable fur-seal fishery is almost confined, are not more than 180 miles from the Alaska mainland, and were leased by the United States Government, for some years, to the Alaska Fur Company. These islands, St. Paul’s, St. George’s, and two others, are inhabited by a race of native North American Indians, who kill the seals on shore and sell their skins to American vessels employed in the trade. The seals live in other parts of the sea, but come to the Pribylov Islands in summer for breeding purposes, and the American complaint is that they are intercepted by British, or rather Canadian, vessels in the open sea, on their way to the islands. It is undoubtedly the fact that this practice is injurious to the Pribylov Islands monopoly, and is calculated to diminish the total amount of fur-seals in the Behring Sea, by preventing natural increase. Some mutual agreement could perhaps be negotiated for the prudent regulation of seal-killing, which is conducted in a wasteful and destructive manner; but we shall see. The method of killing the seals on shore is simply by driving them from the beach to a slaughtering-ground where they are knocked on the head; but the native hunters pick out the young male animals, which they kill, driving the rest of the herd back to the sea. The skins are then salted, to preserve them, and are conveyed by lighters to the American ships waiting to receive them. Our illustrations are from sketches taken on the spot, and the view of the western cliffs of St. Paul’s Island is copied from a water-colour drawing by Mr. H. W. Elliott, one of the two United States Commissioners appointed to report on this industry jointly with two Commissioners of Great Britain.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

X.

A Letter from a Rejected Contributor to the Editor of the “Illustrated London News,” showing what Editors have to put up with.

Sir,—I can afford to smile at you, and I do smile at you. Calmly, blandly, bitterly, cynically, I sit and smile at you. I was asked just now by one of my family at what I was smiling. I said, “I am smiling at the editor of the *Illustrated London News* because he has rejected a poem of mine, entitled ‘Love’s Badinage.’”

I must tell you quite plainly that you are not a gentleman. No editor who was a gentleman could possibly reject “Love’s Badinage.” It is a lovely lyric. You are not a critic. You are not a poet. You have no notion how to edit a paper. You are a lunatic and a contemptible cur. I have no wish to say anything that could be thought at all abusive, but I must speak the plain truth. I never lose my temper, but I do sometimes feel strongly. I feel very strongly on the subject of the importance of my own poetry to this nation. You not only rejected my “Love’s Badinage,” you also refused my “Scene in Summer,” a poem which has been compared by a real critic—one whose opinion I value—to the best work of Wordsworth. When I think of the imbecility, immorality, and discourtesy of your conduct in refusing these two charming gems of poesy, I simply foam at the mouth and throw things about. You hound, how dare you refuse to print my poems!

Just compare your conduct with that of the editor of the *Pumpington Mercury*. He, unlike yourself, is a scholar and a gentleman; his name is Smith, and I venture to say that it is a name of which the world will hear more. I sent him something in my lighter vein—a charmingly humorous little poem about a man who crosses the Channel and gets sea-sick. It was really good enough for *Punch*, but I wished to encourage the local industry. He printed the first three verses, and told me that he would gladly have printed the other seven if there had been room; he also said that my verses showed marked originality. In returning some other poems, he assured me that the only reason why he did not print them was because he felt that such jewels demanded a nobler setting; it was in the same letter that he advised me to send them to the *Illustrated London News*. He probably did not know that the editor was the vile, despicable, and contemptible idiot that I have now found you to be.

Do not be misled by the restraint, the calm, the refinement which are noticeable in this letter. It pleases me merely to be satirical at present; but if the lash of sarcasm fail to bring you to your senses, I shall not hesitate to use invective. I am almost tempted to send you no more poems at all, but I do not know why the paper should be made to suffer for the crass ignorance and stupidity of its editor. So I enclose seventeen fine lyrics. If you accept these, and pay for them, I will send you some more and conclude that you have regained your reason. If not, I shall write another letter to you in which I shall be far less careful to avoid wounding your feelings. We literary ladies have much to contend with. The vanity of certain editors is simply sickening; their incompetence is something deplorable. You printed nonsense by a person calling himself Meredith or some such name, and you refused my lyrics. Perhaps you thought that you would escape punishment, but you were mistaken. I imagine how you will writhe under the merciless epigrams in this letter, and I am glad. It will be good for you.—Cordially yours,  
FANNY BOADICEA DOBBS.

## THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S SAILING-YACHT.

The meeting of yachtsmen at Cowes this year has unfortunately missed the advantage of being joined by his Majesty the German Emperor, who was expected to enter his own yacht, the *Meteor*, for some important racing matches. This fine cutter, formerly named the *Thistle*, had already become famous, and is esteemed one of the swiftest sailing-yachts ever built in Great Britain. She was specially

designed to contest the championship with the fastest yachts of America. Carrying an immense mainsail, with a great spread of other canvas, her hull, the registered capacity of which is 100 tons, is constructed to bear such an unusual strain, and for racing purposes she is reckoned as a vessel of 130 tons. Her length is 85 ft.; breadth of beam, 20 ft. 3 in., and depth of hold, 14 ft. 1 in., with a clipper bow, and with a considerable overhang of stem and stern. She is built of Siemens-Martin steel. This yacht was designed by Mr. J. L. Watson; Messrs. D. and W. Henderson and Co., of the Clyde, were the builders.

A most elaborate edition of “La Divina Commedia,” says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is to be published by M. P. Friesenhahn, of Freiburg. The work will be in three large volumes small folio, and will contain over two thousand illustrations in the text, besides numerous plates, some in colours. The work is edited by the well-known scholar Professor Gioachino Berthier, who has gone here, there, and everywhere for his notes. How full these notes are may be gauged from the fact that often on the page there are fifty lines of notes to four lines of text. The notes, needless to say, deal very fully with all subjects—art, literature, folk-lore and legend, &c. The cost of the work to subscribers is to be 100 marks; but it will also be issued in fifty parts at two marks each.

Dessau, the capital of the Duchy of Anhalt-Dessau, will, in a few weeks, be the scene of an interesting ceremony. Professor Max Müller will go there to unveil a monument to Wilhelm Müller, his father, who was born there in 1794, lived a short life there, and died in the little town after attaining to some eminence among German poets. The cost of the monument has been defrayed by a national subscription, for assisting which a committee was formed in England, Sir George Grove, Sir Theodore Martin, Sir Robert Morier, and other influential admirers of the poet being on the committee. The work has been executed by Hermann Schubert, of Dresden, and consists of a colossal bust on a pedestal, illustrating, by allegorical figures and reliefs, the life and works of Wilhelm Müller.



## WHERE THE SUN NEVER SETS.

Why were we not taught geography in our youth out of some such fascinating volume as "The Colonial Office List" or "The Colonial Year-Book"? Perhaps it is because the titles are so unattractive that schoolmasters and the public remain unaware of their existence. But nowadays, when the newspapers serve up colonial items every morning, and expect us to know all about Bantailand, or the difference between the Constitutions of Newfoundland and Natal, even Macaulay's schoolboy would be at a loss without one of these works of reference.

The older of the two is "The Colonial Office List," which has come out annually since 1861, a period when no one paid much attention to the colonies. This business-like volume is no mere list of officials, although it will tell you (if you want to know) who is the Chinese "caretaker" of the grounds of "Government House" at Belize, and how much he gets for those onerous duties. (His name is Chang—nothing else—and his pay is \$252.)

But, besides this valuable information concerning some ten thousand colonial officials (with biographies of two thousand of the more important of them), this encyclopædia of the British Empire gives a readable description and coloured map of every colony, with particulars of its "area, climate, political constitution, currency and banking, customs tariff, defences, education, finances, history, imports and exports, industries, inhabitants, means of communication, population, ports of registry, postage rates, public debt, revenue, and expenditure, shipping, situation, statistics, towns, trade, list of former administrators, and names and salaries of the present establishment."

Let us dive into the book, and see what the British Empire includes. Here, for instance, is an extract from the account of Tristan D'Acunha, where three shipwrecked sailors founded what is now the only "Anarchist-Communist" society in the world—

For a long time only one of the settlers had a wife, but subsequently the others contracted with a sea-captain to bring them wives from St. Helena. The population . . . remains practically stationary, as the younger and more ambitious settlers migrate in batches to the Cape. The inhabitants practically enjoy their possessions in common, and there is no strong drink among them and no crime. It was at one time proposed to give them laws and a regular government, but this was found unnecessary for the above reasons, and they remain under the moral rule of their oldest inhabitant, Governor Green, successor to Governor Glass, corporal in the Royal Artillery and founder of the settlement. The inhabitants are spoken of as long-lived, healthy, moral, religious, and hospitable to strangers.

This is "not so bad" for Communist Anarchism, but the young men evidently find it dull, notwithstanding that the Parcel Post is, as we learn elsewhere in the volume, in operation between us and their lonely island.

Here is a charming picture of the "still-veiled Bermoothes"—

In former days the inhabitants of Bermuda gave themselves up almost entirely to maritime pursuits. Numerous small vessels of from 200 to 300 tons burthen, built by the islanders themselves of their native cedar, traded between the West Indies and Demerara, and the United States and the British Colonies of North America. Later they extended their voyages, carrying the salt fish of Newfoundland to Italy and Portugal, and taking back the port wine for which Newfoundland became celebrated, or running down to Madeira or Ascension to meet the homeward-bound Indian fleet, and taking back cargoes of tea or other Indian and Chinese products to be distributed along the American seaboard.

But this local shipping got knocked on the head by steam and iron shipbuilding, and the people of Bermuda now cultivate early potatoes for the New York market or keep boarding-houses for American visitors.

Nothing, indeed, is too great or too small to be omitted from this comprehensive work. The Constitution and Customs Tariff of the Canadian Dominion or that of the Cocos Islands, the railway system of the Cape Colony or the surf-boats of the Gold Coast, the Sydney Mint or the Maltese Government "Monte di Pietà" (pawnshop)—all are chronicled with an equally dry fervour characteristic of the empire on which the sun never sets, but which possesses, we are told, "practically no petroleum, sulphur, or platinum," but every other product desired by man.

"The Colonial Year-Book" is a younger annual, as yet only in its second year. Its gorgeous cover and large type contrast favourably with the dull, official air of its older rival, but its contents appear to be neither so varied nor so encyclopædic. The history of the various colonies is given at greater length, and there is an interesting introduction by Mr. Scott Keltie, and an appendix on Ocean Penny Postage. It seems rather a pity that some of the descriptive matter, notably in the parts relating to the Bahamas and to Cyprus, should be word for word the same as that in "The Colonial Office List." The contents are, indeed, more unequal in quality than those of its official rival, to which it is superior in the descriptions of the Australian Colonies and our new acquisitions in East and South Africa. Here is a vivid thumbnail sketch of life in Tasmania—

The wages of servants, of artisans, and of labourers are higher in the colony than in England. Neither the colonist nor his family, however, suffer from having to do a little more for themselves than they would in England. Much of the pleasure of a colonial life arises from learning a little self-dependence; and no man knows how much he can do till he tries. The recently retired colonel of a cavalry regiment has been seen painting his own verandah in the colony, and probably deriving more pleasure from his occupation than if he had been lounging away his time at a club in Pall Mall.

Here, however, we must stop. But every school and other library ought regularly to subscribe to one or other of these excellent annuals.

A golf club has been started at St. Moritz, Engadine. The course is a "nine hole," and a sporting, not to say a difficult, one. It is beautifully situated, and is probably the highest in the world, being nearly 6000 ft. above the sea-level.

In a letter to the *Daily Graphic* on "The Gold Mines of Johannesburg," Lord Randolph Churchill draws a somewhat rosy picture of prospects in the Transvaal. The wages paid to Europeans (he says) range high; carpenters receive from £5 to £5 10s. a week, skilled mechanics and blacksmiths receive £6 a week. Strange to say, in spite of these high wages, the white workmen are constantly leaving their employment and going off to Mashonaland. The directors find it more and more difficult to obtain skilled labour, and there appears to be, both at this mine and generally all over the Randt, a most promising opening for young English mechanics and miners. The cost of living would probably exceed the cost of living in England, but the high wages, coupled with dwellings rent free, in addition to a magnificent climate, would appear to open the road to fortune. But, while we are assured that the Transvaal possesses everything which man can desire for comfort, luxury, and general prosperity, an unequalled climate a soil of exuberant fertility, mines of gold, silver, coal and iron—all of great richness—at the same time we are informed that it possesses the most stupid, selfish, and incompetent Government which ever afflicted a community or a country.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

B F.—Thanks for notice. We carry out your wishes below.  
X (Congleton).—I. P takes B (Kt), K takes P; 2. Kt to Kt 6th, anything; P Queens, Mate.  
T R (Hackney).—Your intention was laudable, if not altogether complimentary. In this case, however, your second thoughts were correct; Kt to Kt 4th not affording a solution.

G E.—Black must move any man legally movable at the choice of his opponent, and this, of course, includes his King. White is quite justified in insisting on the penalty.

J T P (Launceston).—All the solutions you send for No. 2469 are wrong.

DELTA.—We will see what can be done to further your desires.

G E P (Kensington).—The solution of Q to Q sq which you send for No. 2463 will not answer, hence the omission of your name.

C BURNETT.—There is no law against White moving his K P two squares, but, if he does, Black replies by taking en passant, and no mate follows. No. 2463 is not solved by Q to B sq. We always acknowledge correct solutions, and will be only too pleased to include your name among our regular solvers.

STUART DOWNS (Leeds).—If White play L. P to K 4th (ch), Black replies with P takes P en passant, and where is the mate?

S W G (The Temple).—At first sight your problem seems very good, and is marked for publication if correct.

P P LEYDERS (Loughrea).—You misunderstood our reply. Checkmate must be given in the required number of moves at most; but to some of the weak defensive moves Mate may be given in less than such number without constituting a flaw in the problem. Your solution of No. 2469 is spoiled by the reply of 2. Q to Q 5th.

A SUBSCRIBER (St Leonards-on-Sea).—At the moment we cannot easily refer, but will look into the matter shortly.

S O B (Agra).—We are sorry your problem is scarcely good enough. It is very unusual to commence two moves with a check, however great the sacrifice.

W H B.—Your problem is well constructed, but turns on a very hackneyed idea.

B D KNOX.—Yes; quite.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2461 and 2462 received from L. H. Chandra Banerji (Agra); of No. 2463 from A. R. V. Sastry (Tanjore) and P. H. Coombs (Orissa, Mexico); of No. 2465 from Dine John; of No. 2466 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); J. W. Shaw (Montreal), Emil Frau (Lyons), Blair H. Cochrane, and Trial; of No. 2467 from Dr. F. St. Dane John, and H. S. Brindley; of No. 2468 from T. Roberts, L. Schlu (Vienna), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), G. L. Hughes, Alpha, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T. G. Ware, Sorrento (Dawlish), E. Loudon, Captain J. A. Challice, and E. H. I.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2469 received from Fr. Fernando (Dublin), J. D. Tucker, E. P. Vallentyne, Blair H. Cochrane, L. Schlu, Marlin F. H. B. Harford, J. O. Ireland, T. Roberts, J. Coad, Major Dalby, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Dine John, G. B. Perugini, J. Hall, J. W. Black, Dr. F. St. Dane John, Captain J. A. Challice, Dr. Walz (Ostend), Trial, W. R. B. (Plymouth), E. Bygott, G. E. Anson (Cookham), Sorrento, L. Desauges (Ardenza), R. E. H. C. P. Lewis, J. Seirio, Shafterly, Lieut. Colonel Legrand (Brighton), R. Kundmiller (Magdeburg), Admiral Brandreth, R. H. Brooks, W. F. Payne, Julia Short, Columbus, Emil Frau (Lyons), W. H. W. and E. Hacking.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2467.—By A. N. BRAYSHAW.

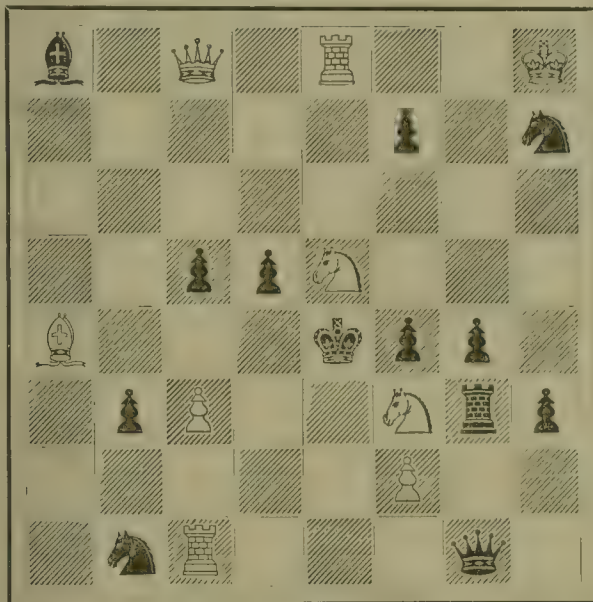
WHITE.  
1. K to Kt 8th  
2. Q to R 3rd  
3. Q mates.  
BLACK.  
1. P to Q 3rd  
2. K or P moves.

If Black play 1. K to B 6th, 2. P to Q 4th, K to Kt 6th or P to Q 3rd, 3. Q or R mates.

## PROBLEM No. 2471.

By FRED THOMPSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN GLASGOW.

An interesting *partie* played in the recent Scottish Association Meeting between Mr. J. D. CHAMBERS, the holder of the championship cup, and Mr. GILCHRIST, a leading member of the Glasgow Club.

(Zukertort's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd
3. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to K 2nd	B to K 2nd
5. P to Q Kt 3rd	Castles
6. Castles	P to Q Kt 3rd
7. B to Kt 2nd	P to Kt 2nd
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th
9. P to Q B 4th	Q Kt to Q 2nd
The positions on both sides are now identical.	
10. R to B sq	P takes Q P
Black would have done better to play here R to Q B sq, still following the development of his adversary.	
11. Kt takes P	P takes P
12. Kt takes P	Kt to B 4th
13. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to R 3rd
14. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to B 2nd
Well played! The exchange cannot be won without immediate disaster.	
22.	Kt takes B
23. Q takes B	Q takes Q
24. P takes Q	Kt to Q 4th
25. P to Q 7th, and Black resigns.	

We regret that the name of Mr. Ranken was associated in error with that of Mr. Freeborough in our recent notice of a forthcoming work on "Chess Endings." We understand that the latter gentleman is alone responsible for the undertaking, and, short of the joint editorship, the work could not be in more competent hands.

The Counties Chess Association brought its meeting at Oxford to a successful termination on Aug. 8, when the results of the various competitions were declared. In class 1, division 1, Messrs. Skipworth and Blake, in division 2, Messrs. Rumbold and Erskine, carried off the chief honours. In class 2, Mr. McCarthy takes the first prize, and Mr. Gladhill the second; while Miss Thorold is the winner of Mr. Rogers's cup for the highest ladies' score.

In accordance with previous announcement, Herr Lasker has fulfilled his engagement at the German Exhibition with great success. In offhand play he has been almost uniformly victorious, while in blindfold, simultaneous, and match games he has given further evidence of his skill. This feature of the Exhibition promises to be a most attractive one.

We notice with much regret the death of Mr. J. A. Miles, one of our oldest problem-composers. He published a collection of problems under the title of "Chess Gems," and also a volume of his own compositions in chess and rhyme, many of which were of considerable merit. He occasionally contributed to this column, but his passion in recent years was for problems of a nature more suitable for elaborate study than for popular amusement.

At the City of London Chess Club there is a hull just now, but the list of competitors for the coming Winter Tournament is steadily filling up, over sixty having already joined, including about twenty first-class amateurs. Among the new members are Mr. Cock, late of Birmingham; Mr. Serrallier, late of South America; Mr. Montagu Hughes Hughes, Dr. S. F. Smith, and Mr. Duckvale. The prizes will this year amount to over £70.

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## WHY WE ARE STAYING IN TOWN.

My wife and I have determined to spend the month of August 'n the genial air of the Metropolis. Precedent points to the sea. An old portmanteau shows a battered side with a fragment of a luggage label which says "Ilfracombe—." A few minutes ago I turned out of a pocket an hotel bill which, when I come to think of it, was really surprisingly moderate. My wife remarks that this was not my opinion at the time, but women never understand the mellowing influence of a twelvemonth. A letter came yesterday from an old chum, who described the delights of Yarmouth. "Such a place for picking up character!" he wrote. "Here you are in the very thick of it. Endless subjects for black and white. It's the greatest mistake, old man, to stick in the studio when you ought to be collecting the ideas which are to last you through the winter." When I read this to my wife she recalls experiences of the aforesaid chum which, I am bound to admit, need a good deal of mellowing to make them harmonise with such a blameless occupation as that of picking up ideas.

Besides," she adds, "her we are in a new studio, and goodness know when it will be fit to live in. How you could ever have imagined that your friend Simpson would make the place habitable I can't think. We have been here a fortnight, and nothing is finished. If we were to go out of town I don't believe he would do another stroke."

There is some force in this; though, with the waywardness of women, my wife forgets that it was she who first suggested that we should come here. It was so convenient, she said, so close to the Houses of Parliament; why, in five minutes I might catch sight of any number of legislators burning to have their portraits painted and present them to the corporations of their native towns. True, the worthy Simpson wanted to let the place as offices, and had not the remotest idea of an artist's requirements; but he had only to knock down a partition or two, put a door here and a cupboard there, and we should have an excellent studio, with a north light, and a charmingly compact little suite of rooms in one of the best situations. These instructions Simpson received with deferential wonder, but the purely commercial idea of offices was so rooted in the "poor fellow's" head that only by the most desperate vigilance could we prevent him from turning our quarters into a brand-new paradise for high stools, ledgers, and brass rods.

"We must move in at once, so as to be on the spot!" my wife announced one day with characteristic decision. So we encamped in the bedroom and made forays on the painters, who were just about to give the studio walls a colour dear to the mercantile eye, and on the carpenters, who had designed a door which might have been the joy of a sample-room. As for Simpson, in this struggle between art and commerce he grew more and more the portrait of bewilderment. He gave instruction to the carpenters which led to the absence of latches from cupboards which yawned in the passage, and to painful obstinacy on the part of windows. The rain came in and made great damp streaks on the wall, and frightful draughts provoked duets of sneezes. But the affair of the cistern was the climax!

"Look!" exclaimed my wife, holding up a glass of water. "Look at these horrid skriggling things! Jane has been drinking this ever since we came, and she will be poisoned! I am sure they are alive in her inside now!"

At this, Jane, our small domestic, burst into hysterical giggles.

"Oh don't say that Mum! When you say that I can feel 'em jump."

"Jane," said my wife, severely, "do be sensible! Are you full of skriggling things, or are you not?"

As nothing could be got from Jane but screams, I examined the cistern, and found that it was open and choked with leaves.

Poor Simpson was more bewildered than ever.

"I am most particular about cisterns," he explained. "I have had so much to do with them, and I always keep them covered. There is nothing worse in a house than a cistern which is infested with leaves and other impurities. I can assure you that I have been astonished by the carelessness of people in these things. Only the other day I looked over a house, and you will scarcely believe it, but I found no less than forty-one caterpillars!"

"But really, Mr. Simpson," interrupted my wife, "we are talking about *our* cistern, which you neglected to cover."

"Most extraordinary," said Simpson, "most extraordinary! Such a thing never happened to me before. I give you my word that I cannot account for it." This in a tone which made it quite clear that the only feasible explanation was the intervention of some diabolical agency.

But it is some comfort to my wife to discover that the back of the studio looks into a fashionable mews. Beautiful equipages are driven out about the dinner hour and return at midnight with a great clatter of hoofs and much repartee from grooms. Glossy black horses are rubbed down by gentlemen the tightness of whose nether garments is one of the puzzles of anatomy. My wife has made a sketch of one of the horses—really not a bad sketch, considering the peculiarities of the equine figure. She lingers over this work a good deal, and talks of painting the animal in his loose-box. She wakes me in the night to listen to him stamping and champing, and wonders whether he is ill, or whether there is something the matter with his food.

When I come in from a stroll I find a visitor. It is a very small child perched on the table, and gazing with the troubled look of the infant who has no language but a cry, and is likely at any moment to plunge into the full flood of utterance.

"Hush!" says my wife, who is busy at her easel. "Isn't he a darling? And so good! I'm making a sketch of him. He's the coachman's baby, and his papa drives those beautiful black horses which I love."

I venture to express the hope that she did not go into the mews and bring the baby up.

"Jane took it," she says serenely. "Jane has won the heart of the youngest groom, who whistles at her when he is cleaning the carriage, and she looks out of the window. Romeo whistles and Juliet giggles. Coachman's baby toddles out; Juliet says it is a little love, and Romeo gallantly carries it up as a temporary offering. There! Haven't I caught his little snub nose?"

She has, indeed. The snub nose is quite life-like on the canvas. I begin to ponder, and as I stare very hard when I am pondering, the coachman's baby bursts into a howl and has to be carried off by Jane and the giggles.

My wife and I gaze at the painted snub nose together, and I fear I say something grossly flattering, for she blushes and whispers, "Dearest, I am so fond of horses."

"Of course!"

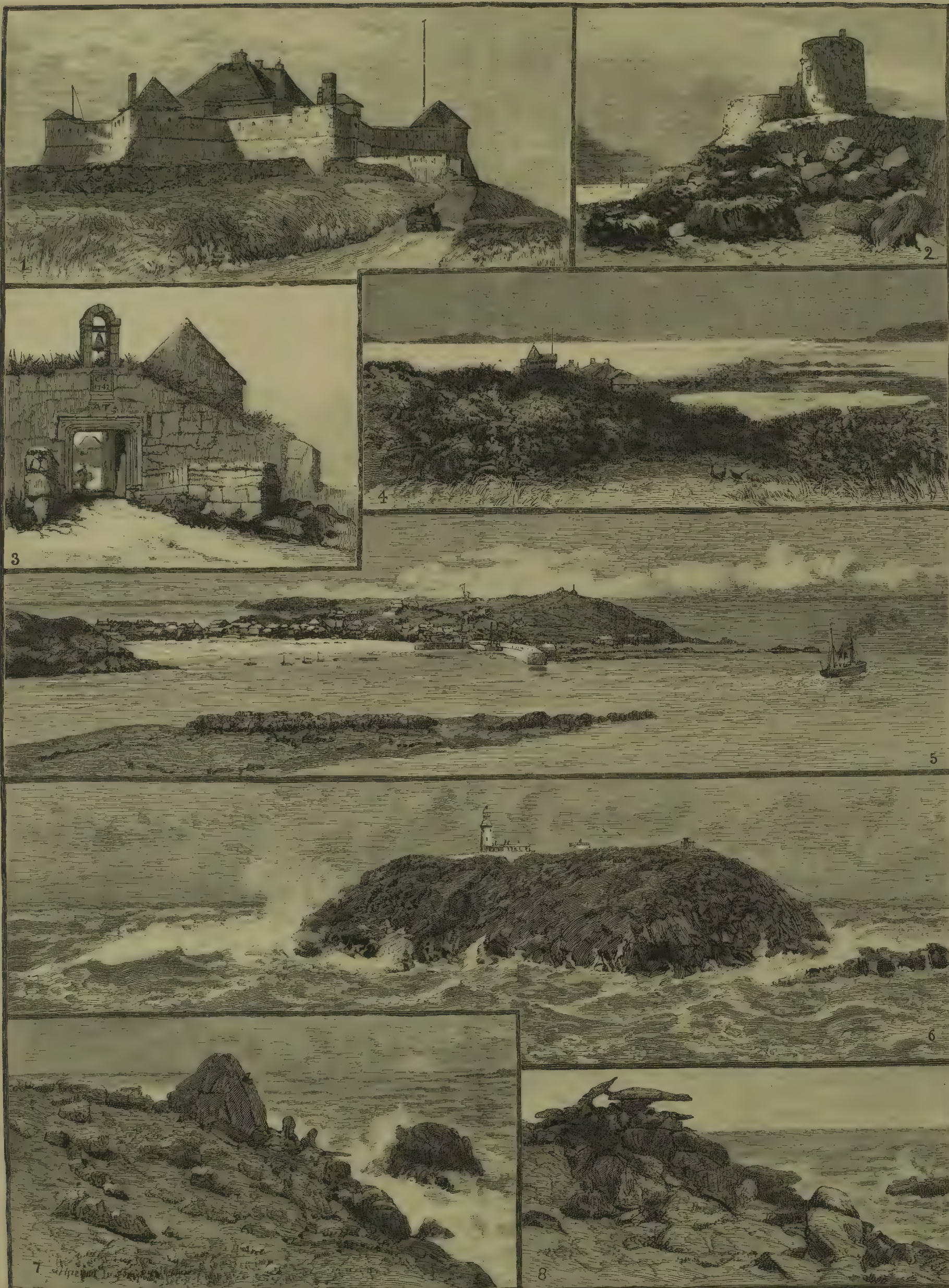
"And I should like to have some riding-lessons. It would be so delightful to ride, you know, when we go to the seaside. And it is such a healthful exercise."

"Well; but—"

This is really why we are staying in town.—L. F. AUSTIN.

\* *The Colonial Office List*. Edited by John Anderson and Sidney Webb, of the Colonial Office. (London: Harrison and Sons, 7s. 6d.)—*The Colonial Year-Book*. Edited by A. S. R. Trindall, C.M.G. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., 6s.)





1. Star Castle, St. Mary's.  
2. Cromwell's Castle, Treco.

3. Entrance to the Garrison, St. Mary's.  
4. Treco.

5. Hugh Town, St. Mary's.  
6. Round Island.

7. Peninnis Head, St. Mary's.  
8. The Pulpit Rock, St. Mary's.



## DOVER COLLEGE.

The annexed woodcut is a view of the principal buildings of Dover College—the ancient buildings are the "Norman Hall" (A.D. 1130), the Chapel (13th Century), and the Gateway (14th Century). The modern buildings consist of three boarding houses, a gymnasium, laboratory and workshop, class-rooms, and five courts. The boarding houses have been built with the most careful regard for the requirements of health, and a peculiar feature of the arrangements is that each boy has a separate bedroom.

Dover College was founded to supply a sound education of a high order on moderate terms, and is open to boarders and day boys. The education given is of the highest character, and during the past year pupils have obtained open scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, others obtained the fifth, seventh, and seventeenth places for Woolwich, while others again were successful in the "Sandhurst" and other public examinations. Great attention is given to modern requirements; modern languages, natural science, music, drawing, and shorthand are taught with a thoroughness which a few years ago was quite unknown in any public school. There is a junior school, in which young

boys are thoroughly grounded. A large proportion of the boys who have distinguished themselves entered the College quite young.

The College grounds are about four acres in extent, and there is besides a large cricket field at a short distance from the College, and the pupils have always been famous for their success in athletic games. It is one of the few public schools whose old boys keep up a club in London, and the "Old Doverians" have successfully maintained the good name of the College in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis.

The College has never suffered from any of the complaints which spring from insanitary conditions. Dover itself is one of the healthiest towns on the South Coast, and the College stands on rising ground in the environs. The climate of Dover is dry and tonic, and few places in England have so much sunshine and so little rain. The bathing at Dover is very good, both in the sea and the large swimming baths which have lately been erected.

The staff of the College consists of highly qualified graduates of English and Continental Universities. The Head Master is the Rev. William Bell, M.A.; the Honorary Secretary is E. W. Knocker, Esq., Town Clerk of Dover; the Bursar is Major-General Eteson, from all of whom information with regard to the College can be obtained.



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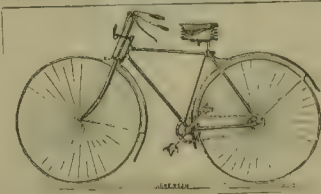
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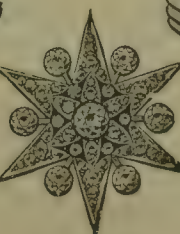
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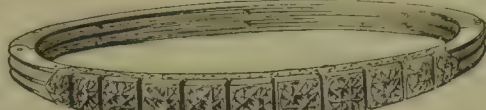
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1869), with a codicil (dated Feb. 22, 1889), of the Most Rev. William Connor Magee, Lord Archbishop of York, D.C.L., D.D., was proved on Aug. 5 by John Edward Woodroffe and Benjamin Arthur Heywood, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, horses, and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Anne Nesbitt Magee. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he gives £6000 to each of his three daughters; £500 to each of his three sons; and the ultimate residue to his said daughters.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1880), with two codicils (dated Sept. 14 and 15, 1882), of Mr. Edward Greene, M.P., J.P., D.L., late of Nether Hall, Pakenham, Suffolk, who died on April 15, was proved on July 9 at the Bury St. Edmunds District Registry, by Edward Walter Greene, the son, the acting surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £356,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and a carriage and two horses, at her choice, to his wife; £200 to the Suffolk General Hospital; £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Emily Smythies Smith; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Julia Isabella Fry; £6000, upon trust, for the husband and children of his late daughter Mrs. Helen Emily Wilson; each of these last three legacies is in addition to the sums he covenanted to pay on the respective marriages of his said three daughters; £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Ethel Beatrice Greene; £4000 to his son-in-law Frederic Machell Smith; £1000 each to his granddaughters, Kathlene Machell Smith and Emily Barbara Wilson; and legacies to clerks in brewery and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Edward Walter.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1887) of Mr. John Davy Eveleigh, late of 2, Lower John Street, Golden Square, and of 6, Regent Street, military outfitter, who died on June 30, at Hastings, was proved on July 23 by Charles John Davy Eveleigh, the son, and Thomas Scammell, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £175,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to his executor, Mr. Scammell; £1000 to his cousin Caroline Williams; £500 each to his cousin Georgiana Tremlett and his niece, Mrs. Wormington; various sums of railway stock, amounting together to £5050, upon trust, for Elizabeth Southcott; a suit of mourning to each of the employés in his cutting-room at 6, Regent Street; and a mourning dress to each of his domestic servants. The residue of his estate he gives to his said son.

The will (dated May 5, 1891) of Mr. Archibald Cockburn, late of 5, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, who died on June 22, was proved on July 29 by Thomas Rannie Grant, Henry Cockburn, and David Davidson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £105,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 and an annuity of £1600 to his nephew, Admiral James Andrew Robert Dunlop; £6000 to Julia Francesca Harris; £5000 each to his cousin Francis Jeffrey Cockburn and Jane Clerk Duff; £3000 to Mary Deacon; £2000 each to Ella Cockburn, John Cockburn, and Henry Archibald Cockburn; and numerous legacies to relatives, executors, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his cousin Moncrieff Cockburn.

The will (dated June 8, 1882) of Mrs. Isabel Jemima Hankey, late of 59, Cadogan Square, who died on June 15, was proved on July 23 by Cecil Kerr Barnard Hankey, the son, the

sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testatrix gives, devises, and bequeaths all her estate and effects of every kind, both real and personal, to her said son absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1886), with a codicil (dated June 13, 1888), of General Sir Charles Cureton, K.C.B., late of Lynmead, Carlisle Road, Eastbourne, who died on July 11, was proved on July 31 by Charles Ernest Cureton, the son, and Wickham Flower, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator gives £100 to his executor, Mr. Flower; and there are some specific bequests to his sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons, Charles Ernest, Augustus John, and William Roderick, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 16, 1886) of Mr. George John Cavafy, late of 2, Upper Berkeley Street, who died on May 29, was proved on July 22 by John Cavafy, M.D., the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths £8000, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Catherine Cavafy, for life, and then as she shall by will appoint; £200 to his daughter-in-law, Marigo Cavafy; £300 to his sister, Roxandra Plessis; and legacies to servants. The residue of his estate he gives to his said son.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1887) of Mr. Brand Sapte, C.B., formerly of the Indian Civil Service, late of 116, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on June 6, was proved on July 24 by Mrs. Caroline Henrietta Maria Sapte, the widow, and Henry William Lovett Cameron and Francis Hector Lovett Cameron, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £19,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for her, for life. At her death he gives considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, and others, and the ultimate residue, if any, between his said nephews, Henry William Lovett Cameron and Francis Hector Lovett Cameron.

The will and codicil of Mr. Jasper Gripper, formerly of Bengeo, Herts, and late of 3, Morton Crescent, Exmouth, Devon, who died on Feb. 5, were proved on July 29 by Mrs. Annie Powell Gripper, the widow and executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £11,000.

The will of Dame Charlotte Cecilia Wilmot, late of Chaddesdon Hall, Derbyshire, who died on May 5, was proved on July 29 by Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., the husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3770.

The will of Mr. Charles Stewart, barrister-at-law, formerly M.P. for Penryn, of 66, Brunswick Place, Brighton, and late of East End House, Ditchling, Sussex, who died on June 30, was proved on July 25, under a nominal sum, by Charles Edward Stewart, the son and sole executor.

The Speaker, who is taking a holiday in Norway, has become a member of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The funeral of the Earl of Westmorland took place in the village churchyard of Apethorpe, Northamptonshire, on Aug. 5. Amongst the numerous wreaths was one from the Prince of Wales. A large number of noblemen well known in sporting circles were present, including the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Suffolk, the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Londesborough, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, the Marquis of Hamilton, Lord Alington, Viscount Carzon, and Captain Clayton.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

For seaside and yachting dresses this season, silk shirts under loose-fronted coats are very greatly worn. Every second order, at least, given at the great tailors' this season is for dresses in this style. The stiff shirt-fronts, which were not, on the whole, becoming to women's rounded figures, have almost disappeared. Silk blouses which can be drawn in, and accommodate themselves to the shape, are graceful and becoming as well as undeniably comfortable. They are made in very various ways. Some are tucked right along the yoke; others have three or four tucks and then a line of braid; while another variation is to have several narrow tucks and then a wide one alternately.

Serge, that ever-useful fabric, is still extremely popular. A navy-blue serge loose coat, intended to be worn over a white silk shirt, has a broad white collar falling to the shoulders at the back, and white revers braided with blue stripes at the top, in front; below these the coat falls open. The shirt is drawn down under a Swiss belt of white, braided with narrow blue braid in lines to match the revers. The skirt is quite plain except for a band of white with two rows of narrow blue braid upon it, marking the hem, some six inches above the foot. Another blue serge has a narrow panel of orange serge; the long-skirted but tight-fitting blue coat is turned back from the waist to the throat with narrow revers, which are faced with orange, finished with round silver braid at the edge. Next under this is seen a rim of orange-coloured vest, which is fastened with silver buttons, and cut away at the top to show a small piece of quite stiff shirt-front, finished with a stand-up collar and an orange-silk tie drawn down.

A dress made specially for Cowes is a bright red serge, with a long-tailed coat open in front, showing a vest or corselet under-bodice of the same red, that fastens up underneath the arm and is cut down at the top to show a yoke of white serge on which red anchors are embroidered. The full top to the sleeves is also of white serge trimmed with red anchors, while in contrast tiny white anchors appear upon each of the tabs into which the red coat is cut out round the bottom.

Another dress has a white serge skirt, with a coat held by one button over the chest, cut away below and turning back with revers above, to show a blue drill vest, fastened with gold buttons. The white coat is edged with gold braid, and the top of the hem is also indicated by a line of gold. In some instances the skirt and the coat are made of different materials: for instance, a tweed skirt of striped brown and white has a long open and loose-fronted brown coat, embroidered on the revers and the point at the bottom of the front with white braid, the vest underneath being of dark brown drill, cut away into a V-shape at the top, showing a yoke of brown-and-white striped flannel, matching to some degree with the skirt.

The dowagers of England are avenged on Mr. Atkinson! The erratic member for Boston distinguished himself during the past Session, amongst other ways, by bringing in a Bill to make legal a reduction in the provision made under marriage settlements for dowagers. He argued that as the return from land had diminished since these poor old ladies had their future allowance arranged for, these arrangements should now be subject to revision. It was too funny that such a measure should be propounded by an elderly Wesleyan of the middle class. It would not have been so grotesque had the Bill been introduced into the House of Lords by an unfortunate young peer groaning—as some are actually doing—under the

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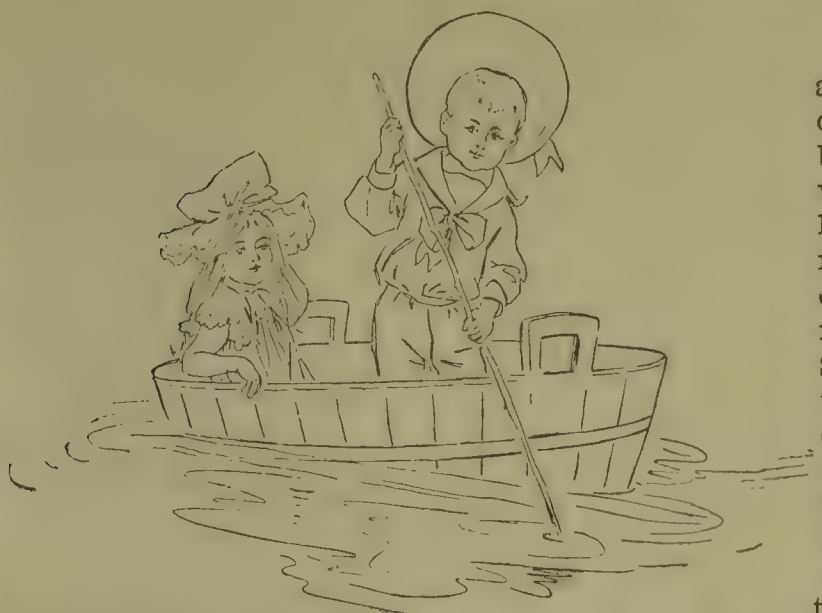


**Brooke's Soap**  
MONKEY BRAND

We're a capital couple the Moon and I,  
I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky;  
And we both declare, as half the world knows,  
Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES"



## CHILDREN



are always in mischief, and constant washing is necessary to keep a child's clothes in anything like order. Relieve yourself of this worry by getting a tablet of SUNLIGHT SOAP and proving to yourself that washing is no longer a task. SUNLIGHT SOAP will make the clothes look like new, and no labour on your part necessary. Once used, no mother will get along without it. A Lady writes: "Being compelled to do my own washing and being in delicate health, it was simply 'killing me' by the old method and with ordinary laundry soap. By using the SUNLIGHT SOAP in the following way I get my clothes beautifully white and clean, and without tiring myself in the least. First, then, I dip one of the garments in a tub of water, draw it out on the wash-board, and rub the soap over it lightly, being particular to soap all the soiled places. I then roll it in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled after it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. I then go away—from thirty minutes to an

hour—and pay my attention to some light employment about the house, letting the SUNLIGHT SOAP do its work. After soaking this way, I wash them out lightly on the wash-board, and the dirt appears to drop right out. I do not scald or boil a single piece. If a streak is hard to wash, I rub some more soap on it and throw back into the suds a few minutes. I rinse in lukewarm water, rubbing the garment lightly over the wash-board through the rinse water to get the dirty suds out. I then blue—using very little—as this soap whitens the clothes, and hang out. Coloured goods, flannels, woollens, &c., I treat in the same way—but they need not soak so long, and I make the last rinse water a trifle soapy. Cashmeres, woollens, flannels, and mousselines de laine are rendered soft and smooth by the use of this soap. Soaping the clothes and rolling them up is so easily done that the method is well worth trying. White flannels can be washed with the other white goods."

DON'T RUB HARD, or the dirt will be rubbed in. RUB LIGHTLY, and the DIRT WILL DROP OUT.



## ECONOMISE.

One Tablet of the SUNLIGHT SOAP will do more washing than two tablets of ordinary laundry soaps.

It will make your clothes white.

It will not injure the most delicate lace.

It will not shrink flannels and woollens.

It will enable you to do a large wash in half a day.

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MAPPIN and WEBB'S New Stand for Peaches or other Fruits. Shells, gilt inside, £3 5s.



Tea Tray, handsomely Engraved Centre and Handles.  
20 inches, £11 11s. 22 inches, £12 12s. 24 inches, £13 13s.

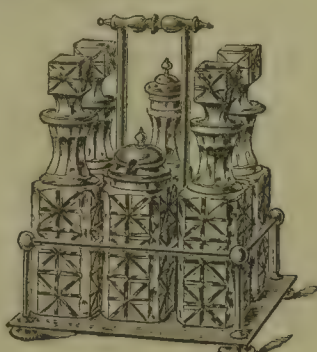
Goods sent on  
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Country.



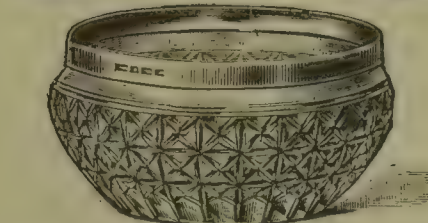
Brandy and Soda Stand, Engraved Glass Decanter and Two Soda-Water Tumblers, with spaces for Two Seltzer and Four Soda-Water Bottles, £3 10s.



Cut and Engraved Claret Jug, Massive Mount, £2 10s. Sterling Silver Mounts, £5 5s.



Six-Bottle Dinner Cruet, Cut-Glass Bottles, £3 10s.



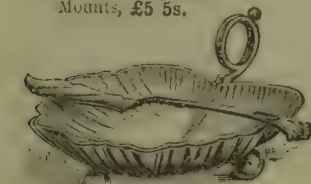
Richly Cut Glass Salad Bowl, handsomely Mounted, £1 1s.; Pair Servers to match, 16s. 6d.



Registered Design.  
MAPPIN and WEBB'S new "Cosy" Egg Frame, to hold Six Eggs, £5 10s. The sides close up, thus keeping the eggs warm for a long time.



Claret Jug, richly Cut Glass, Chased Mount, £3 8s. Sterling Silver, £3 5s.



Escalloped Butter Shell and Knife, with Glass Lining, 12s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.



Pepper Mill, with Cut-Glass Body, 15s. Sterling Silver, £1 15s.



Crumb Scoop, with Carved Ivory Handle, 18s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £4.



Queen Anne Afternoon Tea Set, £5 10s.



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burden of payments to be made to no fewer than three widows of deceased predecessors. But in any case such a measure would be most unjust, inasmuch as no one should be made to lose who has not had a chance to win. Had the return from landed property greatly gone up, the dowagers would not, therefore, have had their incomes increased, and accordingly the contrary process in the opposite circumstances would not be fair.

Why do women get married after remaining single till they have passed their forty-fifth birthday? If it be true, as Cicero said, that men in advanced life should forswear love as they would a savage and fatal monster, it is even more certain that the attempt to gather roses amid the chills of autumn must end in disappointment for women. Alas! the leaves of those belated blossoms fall at a touch, though they look never so fair and full of sweetness before they be grasped. Married life, with its give and take, its bear and forbear, its daily self-restraint and mutual consideration, is a state to which one needs to be broken in early. How grim the blunder of the marriage of a single woman of five-and-forty is likely to be has been illustrated anew by the case of Mrs. Cathcart recently, as it was by that of Mrs. Jackson a few months ago. But in marriage and in legislation historical blunders give no warning that a future generation in parallel cases cares to receive.

### NEW MUSIC.

Some valuable additions have been made by Duff and Stewart to their "Hanover" edition. These include Haydn's "Capriccio" in G major and "Fantasia" in C major, edited and fingered carefully by A. W. Marchant; Mendelssohn's "War March" from "Athalia," arranged as a duet by Adrian de Lorme; "Gavotte" in D major from a violoncello sonata by J. S. Bach, fingered by A. W. Marchant; "Barcarole" in A, by Jules Schulhoff; "Giga" from seventh sonata and "Giga" in A, by Corelli; "Capriccio" in F major, by F. W. Marburg, and "Capriccio" in E minor, by J. P. Kirnberger, the last two edited and fingered by A. W. Marchant. These are all sound, good pianoforte pieces, and will repay any amount of study. To the vocal series of the "Hanover" edition is added "O, rest in the Lord," from "Elijah."

From Charles Woolhouse we have a "Reverie" for violoncello from the pen of clever little Jean Gérardy. The melody is fresh and poetic, and the piano accompaniment well written. Altogether the piece would have done credit to a composer very much older than the gifted youth who has so quickly won favour in our midst. This firm also sends us "Gage d'Amour," a piece for cello and piano, by Alex. S. Beaumont, which was introduced by Master Gérardy (to whom it is dedicated) at a recent recital. It is a delicate and refined composition. Another piece for the same instruments, also dedicated to the little cellist, is "Romance sans Paroles," by Jean Théodore Radoux. This is a more advanced work, full of sympathy and elegance. The accompaniment is most effective, and the melody really lovely. To violin-players "Sehnsucht" and "Hoffnung," by F. Clarisse Mallard, can be recommended as being light, pretty, and attractive for drawing-room performance. "The Waterwheel" is an easy and showy pianoforte piece by Alb. William Brooks; "Ruines d'un Château," a reverie for piano, by Herbert Sharpe, also showy and not difficult.

From Joseph Williams—"Saionara," a Japanese love-song, words by Fergus Hume, music by Charles Willeby. This song has decided merit, but it will not bear comparison with a song of Mr. Willeby's entitled "Two Roses," which came out some

time ago; the latter was much more original and dainty. "Love's dawning," a fairly attractive song by Alfred Cellier (words by Violet Barkworth). "Bid me to stay," words by S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald; music by L. Barone; slightly above the average. Two songs full of quaint charm are "Bonnie wee thing" and "Oh, my love's like a red, red rose," the poems by Burns, set to music by C. Stewart Macpherson. "Awake," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by Mrs. Arthur Goodeve. This song has a certain amount of grace and poetic sentiment, but at the same time a lack of freshness. From A. Strelezki's pen we have a taking song entitled "Happy days," with violin and flute *obbligati* by Hollman (poem by Henly Thomson). "Vingt-et-un," an operetta for treble voices, words by Lucy Wintle, music by Virginia Wintle, and "The Wild Swans," a dramatic cantata for female voices, words by M. C. Gillington, music by A. E. Horrocks. Both these works should prove useful to choral societies.

From Oliver and Henry.—Amateurs who care for songs that have a waltz refrain will find "A Spring thought," by Sydney Thompson, effective and pleasing.—"Thine only," by Aescul Tate, is not very striking; but "Sunrise," words by Frank A. Clement, music by Oliver Notcutt, is well written, and can be recommended to tenors.—"Queen of my dreams," words by George Amos, music by W. Arundel Orchard. A pleasing song, with a showy accompaniment. This firm has also sent "The Viking," song by Harry L. Marshall; "The British Workman," humorous song by Herbert Harraden; and "Ida," a commonplace intermezzo by Charles Moncrieff.

The London Music Publishing Co. has issued an admirable series of organ pieces under the title of "The Vesper Bell," edited and composed by Walter Spinney. The book contains some beautiful numbers, which ought to prove welcome additions to the organist's *répertoire*.—"My choicest treasure," an ordinary song by Kate Arthur, words by Georgina Arthur.—"Seven Songs and Trio," by Claude Barton. This is a book containing vocal pieces which were selected by C. V. Stanford from the MSS. left by the composer; they are edited by Charles Wood and H. F. Wilson. Most of the songs are musically and pretty.—"Elihu," a sacred cantata with organ *obbligato*, by Walter Lyle Biggs, a well-written work.

We have received from Novello, Ewer, and Co. "The Paraclete," a sacred cantata for soprano, tenor, and bass soli and chorus; words by Alice M. Vince, music by George Halford. This work is in three parts, respectively entitled "The Ascension," "The Waiting Church," and "The Coming of the Holy Ghost." The music is scholarly, and its devotional character fits it for church use. "The Earth is full," a good harvest anthem by Edward S. Craston; "Eventide," a reposeful sacred quartet, with chorus *obbligato* by Frederick G. Warne; "Rudel," a dramatic cantata, words by Frederic E. Weatherly, music by Dr. Joseph Bridge, M.A. This work was composed expressly for the recent Chester Triennial Festival, at which it was performed with conspicuous success. It is full of beautiful melody, and the treatment throughout is vigorous and characteristic.

Miscellaneous.—From Wright and Greenwood—"Shall we?" a taking waltz; "Right merrily," an effective polka de concert for pianoforte; and "Our dearies," a pretty waltz—all three by George Henry Greenwood.—From John Blockley—"A Memory," not a high-class song, but tuneful and pleasing; words by Hubert A. Spalding, music by Reginald Somerville. The same composer's "Ca' the yowes to the knowes" is more original and characteristic (poem by Burns).—From Frederick Pitman—"Te Kooti," a tuneful waltz by Carl Herbert.—From

Morgan and Co.—"Ave Maria," with violin *obbligato* and accompaniments for harp and harmonium, and "Ever, Lord, with Thee," two really good sacred songs by Wilford Morgan.—From J. Curwen and Sons—The "Deppe" finger exercises for rapidly developing an artistic touch in pianoforte-playing, carefully arranged, classified, and explained by Amy Fay. Students will find this a useful book, and beginners should certainly purchase it.—From Alfred Hays—"Brothers-in-arms," words by Frederic E. Weatherly, music by Ernest Newton. A stirring song, sure to please. "Hunting," words by Harry Brett, music by Charles Ingle. Attractive, and with plenty of "go" in it.—From Weekes and Co.—"Ancient and Modern," words by Adela Wilkins, music by H. T. Wyon. A conventional ballad, but tuneful and easy.—The Lyric Music Publishing Co.—"In the fading twilight," by John Andrew Bailey. This is a pretty song, spoilt by a commonplace waltz refrain. The same firm also sends a quaint Japanese love-song, "Wastka Singty Wee," words by Stanhope Clarke, music by Vivares Campbell.—From Swan and Co.—"Though stars are shining," words by Ethel Bland, music by Alfred Ernest McCreary. Tuneful, but wholly unoriginal and commonplace. No. 1 of the *Organists' Magazine of Voluntaries* (published at 44, Fleet Street), containing an "Allegretto Piacevole" by W. Wright, and a "March" in C by Walter Porter; and No. 2, containing an "Andante Maestoso" by Frank Maitland, an "Andante Moderato" by Henry Maxfield, and an "Andante" by Charles Darnton. Both numbers can be highly recommended to organists. The compositions in each are worth studying.—From Marriott and Williams—"Exercises for the Guitar," by Lindsay Kearne. A useful book.—From E. Ascherberg and Co.—"Fate," words by Adela Wilkins, music by Robin H. Legge. A rather pretty song, with violoncello *obbligato*.—From Duncan and Co.—A comic song entitled "In future, why should Britons toil?" by "Mosquito."—From Methven, Simpson, and Co.—"The Highlander's Farewell," song by J. Macleod Glass, a quaint and simple old Gaelic air.—We have received from Methuen and Co. part four of "Songs and Ballads of the West," a collection made from the mouths of the people by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A., and the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard, M.A., the latter of whom has harmonised and arranged the songs for voice and pianoforte. The analytical notes (by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould) which form the preface are exceedingly interesting and instructive, while the ballads themselves are in nearly every case truly original. No one should be without this valuable collection, which is one of the most interesting we have come across for some time.—From W. Dawson—"Easy Progressive Pieces," for piano, by W. Dawson, a set of ten compositions, recommended to young amateurs.—From B. Williams—"A last Farewell," words by Herbert A. Spalding, music by Reginald Somerville. A fairly attractive song.—From the *Magazine of Music* office—"Album of Six Songs," for the high voice, by Ferdinand Dunkley. Well-written and tuneful.—From B. Hollis and Co.—"The Two Angels," words by Whittier, music by Phoebe Otway. A semi-sacred song, above the average.

The Queen has sent a further cheque for £25, making a total of £225 contributed by her Majesty, towards the fund for completing the restoration of Cloughton Church.

The Archbishop of York has finally left Lichfield, and gone into Westmoreland for a few weeks, before taking up his residence at York on Sept. 1.

## IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

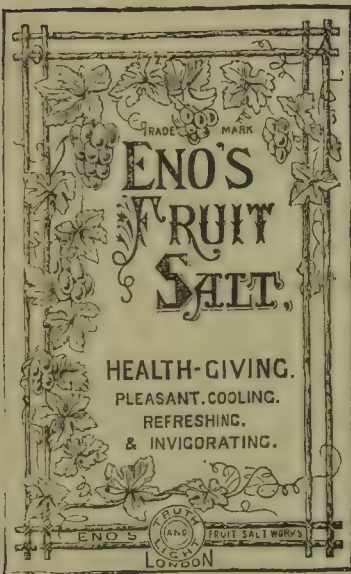
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It ought to be kept in every bedroom in readiness for any emergency. It prevents diarrhoea, and removes it in the early stages. The secret of success—Sterling honesty of purpose. Without it life is a sham.

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Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.



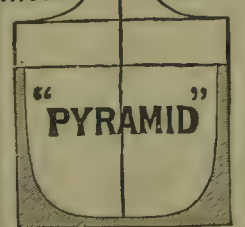
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REPRESENTS THE  
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CLARKE'S  
"PYRAMID" LIGHT.  
Patent Fire-Proof Plaster Case.

THE "BURGLAR'S HORROR."  
Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes  
containing 8 lights. 8d. per Box.

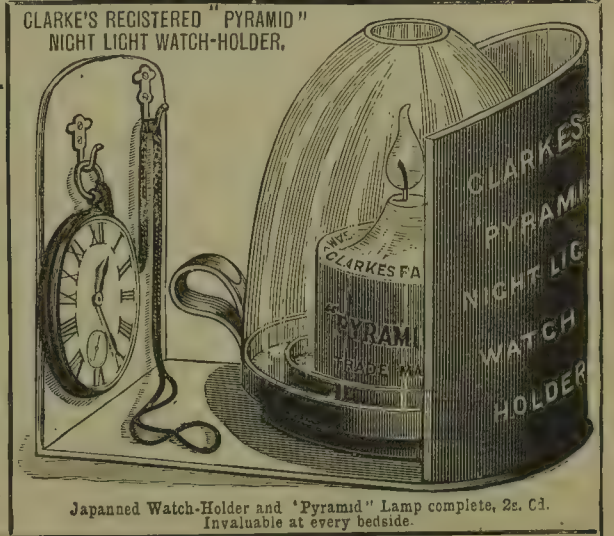
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On Aug. 5, at St. Stephen's Church, South Duiwich, the Rev. John White Tottenham, M.A., of St. Leonard-on-Sea, to Emma Elizabeth Getting, of Norwich. No cards.  
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**NOTICE.—We, HENRY JOHN FARMER-ATKINSON,** of Ore, Hastings, in the county of Sussex, Esquire, M.P., and ELIZABETH FARMER-ATKINSON, his wife, formerly known as Henry John Farmer and Elizabeth Atkinson respectively, do hereby Give Notice that by a DEED-POLL under our hands and seal, dated this 7th day of August, 1891, we have ADOPTED and TAKEN the SURNAME of FARMER before the SURNAME of ATKINSON, and that we intend henceforth in all deeds, writings, transactions, and proceedings, and for all purposes and on all occasions whatsoever, to adopt, use, and be known by the said surname of Farmer-Atkinson in lieu of the surname of Atkinson only. As witness our hands this 7th day of August, 1891.  
HENRY JOHN FARMER-ATKINSON.  
ELIZABETH FARMER-ATKINSON.  
Witness to the signature of the said Henry John Farmer-Atkinson.—EDWARD HAWES, 7, Great Winchester Street, London, Solicitor.  
Witness to the signature of the said Elizabeth Farmer-Atkinson.—JOHN BROOKER, Head Gardener, Ore Place, Sussex.

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## OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES E. SMITH DODSWORTH, BART.

Sir Charles Edward Smith Dodsworth, of Newland Park, in the county of York, died at Thornton Watlass, near Bedale, on Aug. 5. He was born June 27, 1853, the eldest son of Captain Sir Matthew Dodsworth, R.A., by Anne Julia, his wife, youngest daughter of Colonel Crowder, K.H., of Brotherton, Yorkshire. Having received his education at Eton, he succeeded his father, as fifth baronet, in 1858. He was formerly Major 1st Volunteer Batt. Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment), and was a magistrate, Deputy Lieutenant, and a County Councillor (Masham Division) for North Riding of York. In 1889 he married Blanche, third daughter of the Hon. George Edwin Lascelles, third son of Henry, third Earl of Harewood. Sir Charles, having died without issue, is succeeded by his brother, Matthew Blayney, who was born Oct. 26, 1856, and who married, in 1887, Agnes Eliza, only daughter of Mr. John Crowder, by whom he has issue.

GENERAL FRANCIS LOCH.

General Francis Adam Ellis Loch, C.B., died at his residence, Richmond, Surrey, on July 27, aged sixty-four. He entered the Bombay Army in 1844, and became general in 1889, having served in the Punjab Campaign 1848 to 1849 (medal with clasp), and mentioned in despatches, in the Indian Mutiny 1857 to 1858 (medal with clasp), and throughout the Abyssinian War (mentioned in despatches, and medal). He was Commandant of the Scinde Frontier Force, and Political Resident at Aden from 1877 to 1882. General Loch married, in 1861, Catherine Gordon, daughter of the late Major-General A. T. Reid, C.B. In 1873 he was created C.B.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WALKER-DRUMMOND.

Lieutenant-General Francis Walker-Drummond, late 5th Bengal European Light Cavalry, died at the family seat, Hawthornden, Midlothian, on Aug. 4. He was born in 1817, the second son of Sir Francis Walker-Drummond, second baronet, of Hawthornden, by Margaret Jane, his wife, last surviving child and heiress of

Sir John Forbes Drummond, Bart. Having entered the Indian Army, he saw much service—in the Bundelcund Campaign, 1842, and at Punniar, 1843, for which he received the bronze star. In 1845-6 he was in the Sutlej, and in 1848-9 in the Punjab Campaign, and had medals for each. He attained the rank of lieutenant-general in 1873. He married in 1839 Pauline Jemima Catherine, daughter of Mr. Charles Mackenzie, Bengal Civil Service, and leaves three daughters, the eldest of whom, Pauline Mary, is the widow of Mr. J. Wallace Quinton, C.S.I., Chief Commissioner of Assam, murdered at Manipur in April last. Hawthornden was possessed in the sixteenth century by the famous poet William Drummond. Ben Jonson, it is recorded, travelled on foot from London to Scotland for the sole purpose of visiting Drummond at his romantic seat of Hawthornden.

DEAN ELLIOT.

The Ven. Gilbert Elliot, Dean of Bristol, died, on Aug. 11, at his residence, The Mall, Clifton, at the age of ninety-one. The Dean had been in ill-health for some time, and had not taken an active part in the cathedral services for some years. He was appointed in 1850.

MR. LEWIS LOYD.

Mr Lewis Loyd of Monks Orchard, J.P. and High Sheriff for Surrey 1863, died on July 19, in his eightieth year. He was born Aug. 10, 1811, the eldest son of the late Mr. Edward Loyd of Coombe House, Surrey, an eminent banker, and received his education at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He married, June 19, 1845, Frances Harriet, daughter of Admiral the Hon. Frederick Paul Irby, C.B., of Boyland Hall, Norfolk, but had no issue.

THE HON. GEORGIANA RUSHOUT.

The Hon. Georgiana Rushout of Burford House, Tenbury, Worcestershire, died on Aug. 5, in her eighty-seventh year. She was the last surviving sister of the late Lord Northwick, at whose death in 1887 the title of Northwick became extinct.

LADY BRADY.

Emily Elizabeth Lady Brady, wife of Sir Francis Brady, Bart., Q.C., County-Court Judge in the county of Tyrone, died on Aug. 4. She was daughter of Samuel Kyle, D.D., Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross; was married in 1847 to Francis, eldest

son of the late Right Hon. Sir Maziere Brady, Bart., three times Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and had one son, Captain Maziere Kyle Brady, Royal Engineers, who died unmarried in 1885, and one daughter, Marion, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry J. Jervis-White of Ferns, in the county of Wexford.

MR. JASPER WILSON JOHNS.

Mr. Jasper Wilson Johns, who died at his residence in Grenville Place on July 26, was born in 1824, the only son of the late Mr. Thomas Evans Johns, of Cardiganshire. He was a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Merioneth, and represented the Nuneaton Division of Warwickshire in the Liberal interest from 1885 to 1886. Mr. Johns married, in 1855, Emily Theresa, eldest daughter of the late Dr. James Bird, of London.

The Empress Frederick and Princess Margaret of Prussia arrived in Posen on Aug. 8, to attend the celebration of the jubilee of the 2nd Hussar Regiment of the Guard, of which her Majesty is Honorary Chief. The Empress, who drove into the town in state, was enthusiastically greeted, being received by a deputation from the municipality and a number of maidens, who presented flowers. The day's proceedings commenced with Divine service at the headquarters of the regiment. At one o'clock a grand *déjeuner* was held, and at half past two there was a review of the troops.

The *Temps* publishes the following extract from a letter written by a French resident at Sydney with reference to Sarah Bernhardt's visit to Australia: "You are aware that I was granted the favour of keeping Sarah Bernhardt's dogs. We have a six months' quarantine for dogs, and Sarah Bernhardt was in despair at the idea of her dogs being put into such a place. The Minister of Posts had promised her upon her arrival that she should be allowed to keep them; but the same evening a member of the Opposition addressed a question to the Government, and asked if this was true, and the Minister of Agriculture was compelled to say that the dogs were in quarantine. But, in order to conciliate Sarah, my laboratory was declared a 'branch quarantine,' and so Star and Chouette are under my charge. Each week I send her to Melbourne, where she is now playing, a bulletin as to the health of her dogs."

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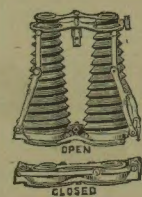
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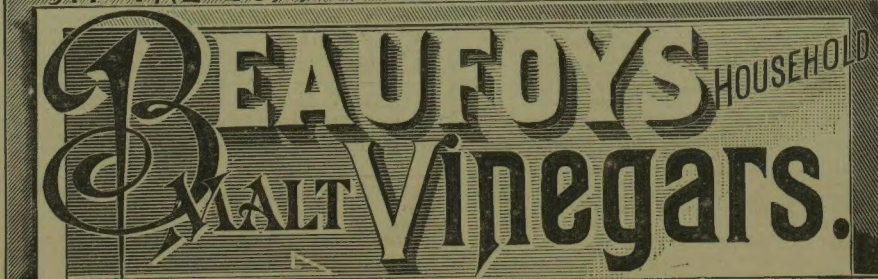
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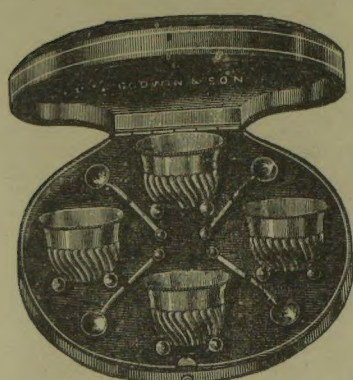


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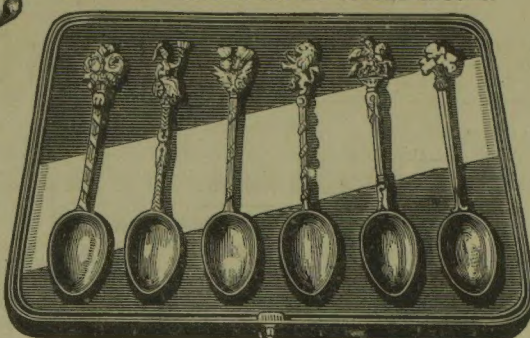
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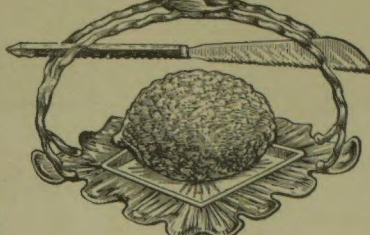
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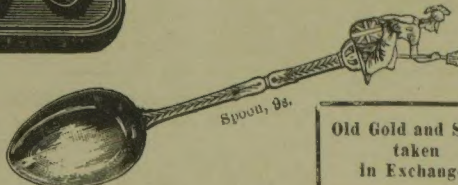
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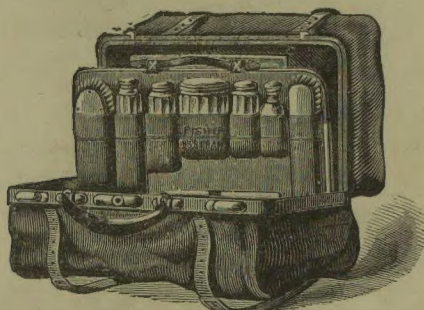
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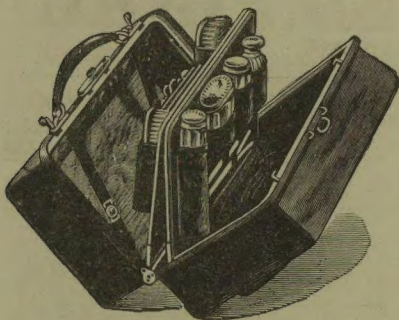
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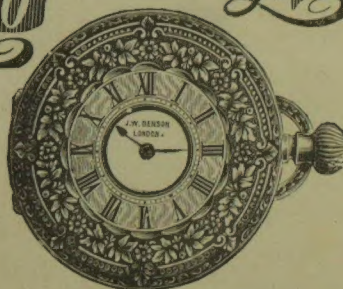
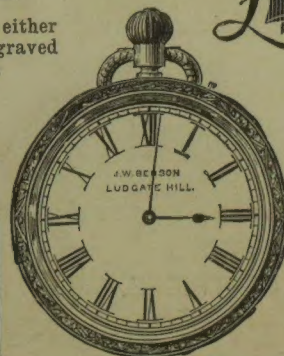
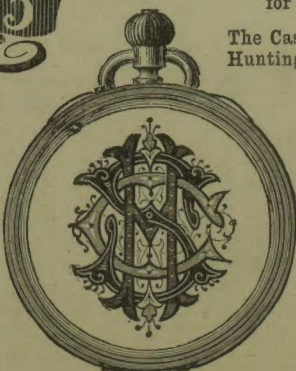
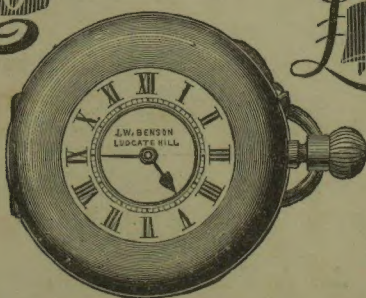
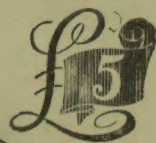
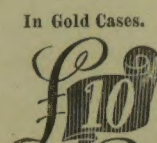
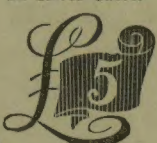
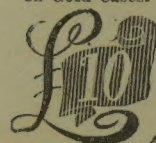
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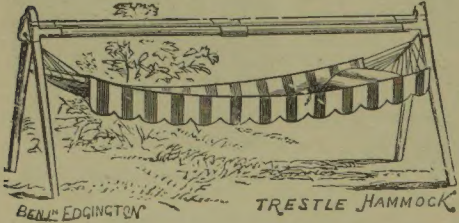
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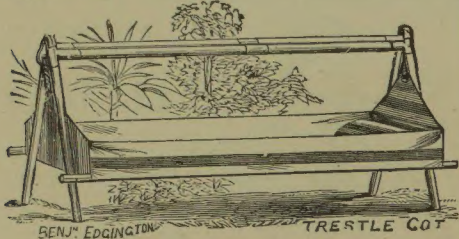
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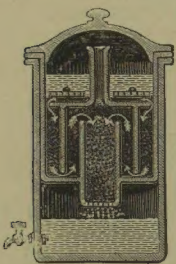
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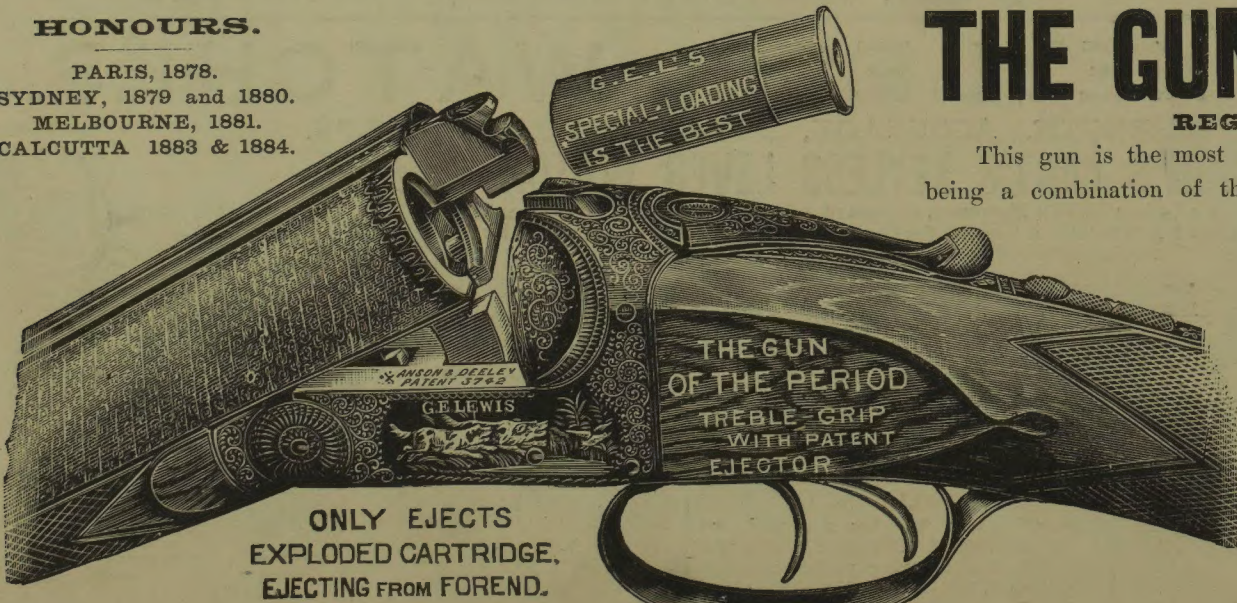
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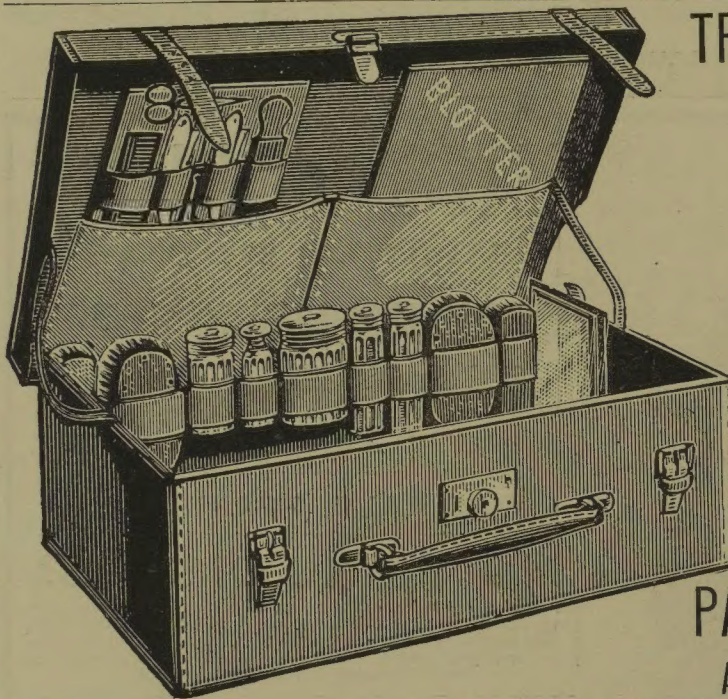
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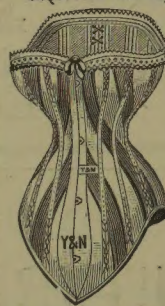
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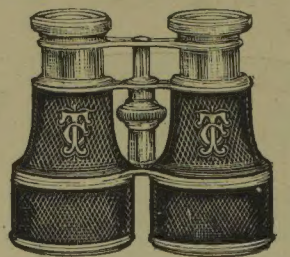
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